Caleb Butler fecit.

"How to behave well if you are willing,
may here be learned."

Pocock's

EVERLASTING SONGSTER,

Containing a Selection of the most approved

Songs,

which have been, and are likely to be sung for ever,

with Universal Applause.

— ALSO —

A COLLECTION OF TOASTS & SENTIMENTS,

upon a Plan perfectly new,

to which is added, original

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR.

GRAVESEND

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M.D.CCC.

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A COLLECTION OF

SONGS.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter;
I'll never basely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter.
The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song shall be,
Or give me death or liberty.
Or give me death, &c.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us:

By law fecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our houſe is our caſtellum ;
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell 'em?
No !—ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhall be,
Give me death or liberty.
Give me death, &c.

GIVE ME MY HEART BACK AGAIN.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy at Vauxhall.

WHEN dewy morn, on moon-beams bright,
Invite our nymphs to ſport and play,
To me their ſongs give no delight ;
Love tunes my ſad and mournful lay ;
And all the day long
I ſing this ſad ſong,
Return to my arms my dear ſwain ;
O love ! bring him here,
To baniſh my care,
Or give me my heart back again.

He promis'd he ſoon won'd return,
While tender ſighs beſpake his truth ;
Yet ſtill, my Jemmy, do I mourn ;
I ſtill lament the abſent youth.
And all the day long, &c.

Thus Jenny ſung among the broom,
Where liſt'ning ſtood her conſtant ſwain;
The lad came forth, ſhe kenn'd him ſoon,
And caroll'd ſweet her alter'd ſtrain.
Now all the day long
Love and joy claims my ſong,
For Jemmy once more cheers our plain;
Fond love brought him here
To baniſh my care,
Not to bring me my heart back again.

HOW HARD'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS DISDAIN.

YOUNG Strephon fed a generous flame,
But ſigh'd away his heart in vain;
His charmer heard with coldneſs now,
His plight of truth and love-taught vow,
Which made the youth to ſing this ſtrain,
How hard's the love that meets diſdain.

One morning early in the grove,
The wonted ſeat of virtuous love;
On beds of violets now was laid,
In ſleep reclin'd the virtuous maid;
Where oft her Strephon ſung this ſtrain,
How hard's the love, &c.

Juſt then the youth paſt thro' the grove,
Directed by propitious love;

With rapture gaz'd o'er all her charms,
And long'd to fold them in his arms ;
Which oft had caus'd this love-ſick ſtrain,
How hard's the love, &c.

Blow ſoft ye winds, breath milder notes,
Ye feather'd warblers tune your throats,
And learn this theme I'm forc'd to ſing,
To make the groves with echo ring ;
This ceaſeleſs, hapleſs, artleſs ſtrain,
How hard's the love, &c.

Thus ſung the youth, whilſt all around
In gentle echo catch'd the ſound ;
Each buſh, each ſpray, in concert chim'd
The anguiſh of his tortur'd mind ;
And wiſper'd to the fair this ſtrain,
How hard's the love, &c.

The maid had heard his plaints ſincere,
And riſing, bid the youth not fear ;
For ſhe believ'd his artleſs vow—
Diſdainful frowns he met not now ;
But from that time he ſung this ſtrain,
How ſweet's the love that's lov'd again.

Now they are bleſt with endleſs joys,
No care their bliſsful cot annoys ;
Now Strephon's heart is eas'd from pain,
Nor dreads he now to meet diſdain ;
But both with glee may ſing this ſtrain,
How ſweet's the love that's lov'd again.

YOUNG LUBIN.

Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd's boy,
Fair Roſaline a ruſtic maid;
They met, they lov'd; each others joy,
Together o'er the hills they ſtray'd.

Their parents ſaw, and bleſs'd their love,
Nor would their happineſs delay;
To-morrow's dawn their bliſs ſhould prove,
To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beſide the brook,
Where ſtray'd their flocks, they ſat and ſmil'd;
One luckleſs lamb the current took,
'Twas Roſaline's—ſhe ſtarted wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite ſave;
Too fatally the youth obeyed:
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wand'rer aid;

But ſcarce he guides him to the ſhore,
When faint and ſunk, poor Lubin dies;
Ah Roſaline! for ever more,
In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—Oh! ſtill be ſeen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapleſs maid;
And with ſad wreaths of cypreſs green,
For ever ſooth thy Lubin's ſhade.

THE DUST-CART.

A favourite Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

As tinkering Tom the ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his lovely Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt;
Tom with up-lifted hands th' occaſion bleſs'd,
And thus in ſoothing ſtrains the maid addreſs'd:

AIR.

O Sylvia! while you drive your carts,
To pick up duſt, you ſteal our hearts,
You take our duſt, and ſteal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the duſt with you,
And dwells among the duſt with you.

O lovely Sylvia! eaſe my pain,
Give me my heart you ſtole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you ſtole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exhulting, roll'd her ſparkling eyes about;

She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt, as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain on little folks below:
To Tom ſhe nodded, as the cart drove on,
And then (reſolv'd to ſpeak) ſhe cry'd, Stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry crou'd oppreſs'd?
Ambition now my ſoul doth fire,
The youths ſhall languiſh and admire;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart:
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart.

HOPE.

HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill;
Deal out pleaſures unpoſſeſs'd;
With thy dreams my fancy fill;
And in wiſhes make me bleſs'd.

THE CELEBRATION OF HARVEST.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his laſs hither come,
With ſinging and dancing, in pleaſure advancing,
To celebrate harveſt home:
'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harveſt home, harveſt home,
To celebrate harveſt home.

Our labour is o'er, our barn's in full ſtore,
Now ſwell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
His cann and his laſs in his hand.
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be ſo happy as we,
In innocence, paſtime and mirth,
While thus we carouſe with our ſweetheart or ſpouſe,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth:
When Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harveſt home, harveſt home,
To celebrate harveſt home.

LOVE NOT TOO WELL.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they are twain,
Since Thyrſis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,
To here a ſoft tale, or to ſing him a ſong.
To hear a ſoft tale, or to ſing him a ſong.

What at firſt was but friendſhip ſoon grew to a flame;
In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the ſame:
From each other our paſſion we ſought not to hide;
But who ſhou'd love moſt was our conteſt and pride.
But who, *&c.*

But Prudence ſoon whiſper'd us, "Love not too well,
"For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;
"And a flame, without fortune's rich gift on its ſide,
"The grave ones will ſcorn, and a mother muſt chide."
"The grave, *&c.*

Afraid of rebukes, he is viſits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
Or to tarry with patience, a ſeaſon more kind;
So I put the dear ſhepherd quite out of my mind.
So I put, *&c.*

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all cenſure, and will be repaid:
If we ſigh for each other, ah! quit not your care:
Condemn the god Cupid; but bleſs the fond pair.
Condemn the god Cupid; but bleſs the fond pair.

THE HERMIT.

Sung by Dr. Beattie.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet was still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began:
No more with himself, or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe?
Why alone, Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral:
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn sweetest complainer, we call thee to mourn;
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change can renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore;
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave;
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn?
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!

A CONTINUATION OF THE HERMIT.

'TWAS thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzle to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
O pity, great father of light, then I cry'd,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride;
From doubt and from darkneſs thou only can'ſt free.

And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and aſtray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love and mercy, in triumph deſcending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
On the cold cheek of death ſmiles and roſes are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

And beauty, &c.

THE FEAST OF THE GODS AND GODDESSES.

THE gods and the goddeſſes lately did feaſt,
Where ambroſia with exquiſite ſauces was dreſt;
Their eatables did with their deities ſuit,
But what they ſhou'd drink did occaſion diſpute;
'Twas time that old Nectar was grown out of faſhion,
Being what they did drink long before the creation;
When the ſky colour'd cloth was remov'd from the
board,
For making the punch great Jove gave the word;
The bowl it was large of a heavenly ſize,
Wherein they did uſe infant gods to baptize;
Quoth Jove I'm inform'd they drink punch upon earth,
Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in mirth,
Quoth Jove, quoth Jove, they drink punch upon earth,
they drink punch upon earth,
Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in mirth.

Therefore our wiſe godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much ſtronger than they;
'Twas ſpoke like a god, fill the bowl to the top,
He's caſhier'd from heaven that leaves the laſt drop;
Apollo then ſtraitway ſent two of his laſſes,
With pitchers to be fill'd at the well of Parnaſſus;
To poets new born, this liquor it was brought
And they ſtickt it in, for their firſt morning's draught;
Then Juno for lemons ſtept into her cloſet,
Which when ſhe was ſick, ſhe infus'd into poſet;
For goddeſſes you know may be ſqueamiſh as gipſys,
The ſun and the moon too have their eclipſes.
Quoth Jove &c.

These lemons were call'd the Hesperian fruit,
Where a vigilent dragon was said to look to't;
Twelve dozen of these were well squeezed in water,
The rest of ingredients in order came after;
And Venus admirer of things that was sweet,
Knew without her infusion there cou'd be no treat;
Commanded her sugar loaves white as her doves,
To be instantly brought by a pair of young loves;
So wonderful curious then these dainties were,
The sugar it was strain'd thro' a piece of fine air;
Jolly Bacchus gave notice by dangling his bunch,
That without his assistance there'd be no good punch.

Quoth Jove, &c.

What he meant by the sequel was very well known,
They threw in ten gallons of trusty langoon:
Mars, tho' a blunt god, and chief of the biskers,
Was set at the table a curling his whiskers;
Quoth he fellow gods, and celestial gallants,
I would not give a fig for your punch without Nantz:
Therefore my Ganymede I do command ye,
To throw in ten gallons of the best Nantz brandy;
But Saturn, of all the gods there, was the oldest,
And we may imagine his stomach was the coldest,
He out of his pouch some nutmegs did produce,
Which being grated fine were thrown in the juice.

Quoth Jove, &c.

Then Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown,
With a sea-biscuit baked hard in the sun;
The bowl being finish'd, a health then began,
Quoth Jove, let it be to that creature call'd Man;
'Tis to him alone, our great pleasure we owe,
For heaven, never was true heaven, till now;

The gods being pleas'd, the health it went about,
Till gorrel-belly'd Bacchus's guts nigh burſt out;
The other brave gods did immenſe of punch ſwallow,
Whilſt Acteon with hounds and with huntſmen did
hollow;
The punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,
And all the world over their fame it did ring.
Quoth Jove, *&c.*

GIDDY FLIRTATION.

Sung by Sig. Seſtini, in the Caſtle of Andaluſia.

NEW graces,
The thoughts of a lover
Invited, expected, and ſigh'd for occaſion:
Sweet faces
Freſh ſweetneſs diſcover;
Our eyes then are diamonds, our cheeks are carnation;
Thoſe eyes glances ſtealing,
Fond bluſhes revealing,
Sage prudence concealing
The wiſh of our hearts:
But when once we gain him,
In love's link we chain him;
Now pleaſing,
Now teazing,
In giddy flirtation.

HOW SWEET'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

WHEN firſt I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
He ſung, and look'd with ſic a grace,
He ſtole my heart, but did na care,
The lad he lov'd a laſs more fair;
And oft I ſung o'er Brae and Burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return.

He lov'd a laſs with fickle mind,
Was ſometimes cauld, and ſometimes kind;
Which made the love-ſick laddy rue,
For ſhe was cauld when he was true,
He mourn'd and ſung o'er Brae and Burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where cowſlips and ſweet lav'rock join'd,
To make a garland for her hair,
But ſhe refus'd the gift ſo fair.
This ſcorn he cry'd, can ne'er be borne!
But ſweet's the love that meets return.

Juſt then he met my tell tale ee'n,
And love ſo true is ſooneſt ſeen,
Dear laſs, ſaid he, my heart is thine,
For thy ſoft wiſhes are like mine;
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
For ſweet's the love that meets return.

My anſwer was both, frank and kind,
I lov'd the lad and told my mind;
To kirk we went with hearty glee,
And wa ſa bleſt as he and me?
Now blithe we ſing o'er Brae and Burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

THE top-ſails ſhiver in the wind,
The ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea,
But yet my ſoul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For tho' thy ſailor's bound afar,
Still love ſhall be his leading ſtar.

Should landſmen flatter when we're ſail'd
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales;
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul,
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh fleet,
Are lovers, and not ſlaves;
No foes our courage ſhall ſubdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

Theſe are our cares——but if you're kind,
We'll ſcorn the daſhing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain:
Now England's glory reſt with you,
Our ſails are full——ſweet girls adieu!

ENGLAND'S GLORY.

TO lower the topſails of Britons ſo free,
The Dons and Monſieurs had agreed:
To beat us on ſhore, and defeat us at ſea,
They ſwore they were ſure to ſucceed.
But the genius of Britons, ſet Rodney afloat,
That terror of France and of Spain;
Who their admirals took, and their navy he ſmote,
And ſwept the proud foe from the main.

Thus defeated at ſea, to old Gib. they repair'd,
And to ſtorm it they fiercely conſpir'd;
But our brave ſalamander, bold Eliott glow'd there,
'Midſt thunder, ſmoke, ſulphur and fire!
No arts to remove that tough Briton avail,
Oh! he ply'd them ſo ſmart from above,
Like the tritons hurl'd headlong, who dar'd to aſſail
The ſtar-circl'd towers of Jove.

But the wonderful wonder on which they depended,
Was their fam'd floating-batteries ſo rare;
Yet on theſe Britiſh thunder red hot ſoon deſcended,
And blew them all up in the air:
And while Crillon's fam'd duke, and blood-royal of France,
Mourn'd on ſhore their diſgraces in vain;
Howe chac'd from the ocean, their fleets in commotion,
And old England's game-cock crow'd amain.

All Europe, well pleas'd, laugh'd to hear of the news,
How a few honeſt Britons, confin'd
Far from home in a rock, had repell'd the dread ſhock
Of the whole force of Bourbon combin'd.

Thus a health to brave Eliott, Boyd, Curtis and Howe,
Still may Gib. Britannia's ſtandard diſplay;
'Tis a thorn in Spain's ſide, 'tis Britannia's chief pride,
And muſt never be barter'd away.

WILLY'S RARE.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart;
A blyther ſwain you cou'd na ſee,
All beauty without heart.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy ſays he'll marry me,
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water ſide,
Pull'd you the roſe or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or ſaw you my ſweet Willy?
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
And flow'rs ſpread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my ſummer's ſhield.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

A HUNTING-SONG.

THE ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all ſpang'd with dew-drops behold;
The lark's early mattins proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful ſummons rebukes our delay,
With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the court;
No care nor ambition our pleaſures annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living—the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Tho' often (like us) they're ſlung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum—the ſoldier hunts fame;
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the buſy hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk, is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands to roam,
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

ANNA'S URN.

ENcompaſs'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too ſoon did heav'n aſſert its claim,
And call'd its own away,
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Can never more return:
What then ſhall fill theſe widow'd arms,
Ah me! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliſs refin'd,
Which, bleſt with her, I knew?
Our hearts, in ſacred bonds entwin'd
Were bound by love too true.
That rural train which once were us'd
In feſtive dance to turn,
So pleas'd when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her urn.

The ſoul eſcaping from its chain,
She claſp'd me to her breaſt,
To part with thee is all my pain,
She cry'd, then ſunk to reſt.
While mem'ry ſhall her ſeat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart ſhall breathe its ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Of ſorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earlieſt dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, loſt to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me ſpread,
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my ſoul, now ſhe is dead,
Concenters in her urn.

THE HOUNDS ARE ALL OUT.

THE hounds are all out, and the morningdoth peep,
Come, riſe up, ye ſluggardly ſot:
How can you, how can you lie ſnoaring aſleep,
While we all on horſeback have got, my brave boy
While we all on horſeback have got.

I cannot get up, for my over-night's cup
So terribly lies in my head;
Beſides my wife cries, My dear, do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, draw on your boots, and ſaddle your mare,
Without any longer delay;
For the cry of the hounds, and the ſight of the hare,
Will chace all dull vapours away.

Hark! hark! how the huntſman has ſtarted poor puſs,
He has her now full in view:
We'll never forſake her, till we overtake her,
So eagerly let us purſue.

No pleaſure like hunting to paſs the long day,
We ſcour the hills and the dale;
At night, for our ſupper, we feaſt on our prey,
When over a pot of good ale.

Since thus, my dear Kate, the ſummons you hear,
Your toying, I pray thee, give o'er;
And be of good cheer, at night I'll be here,
And cuddle you o'er and o'er, my dear girl.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
  Theſe walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
  When I think of the days that are gone.

Thro' the grate of my priſon I ſee
  The birds, how they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free;
  My looks they are wild with deſpair.

Above, tho' oppreſt by my fate,
  I burn with contempt for my foes;
Tho' fortune hath alter'd my ſtate,
  She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.

Falſe woman, in ages to come,
  Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
  Some heart ſtill will ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and diſmay,
  With ſilence and ſolitude dwell;
How comfortleſs paſſes the day;
  How ſad tolls the evening bell.

The owls from the battlements cry,
  Hollow winds ſeem to murmur around:
Oh! Mary prepare thee to die,
  My blood it runs cold at the ſound.

LOVE SHALL BE MY FRIEND.

THO' the winds are whiſtling round me,
And the midnight rains deſcend;
Painful fears, ſhall ne'er confound me,
Guardian love, ſhall be my friend.

Night, how much I can defy thee,
Laugh at all thy negro train:
Day retiring, damons nigh me,
Storms may beat, but beat in vain.

On my ſhepherd, fond reclining,
Pleaſing fafety [illegible] breaſt;
Welcome winds, to peace inclining,
Winds that lull to dowzy reſt.

HARK! the trumpet ſounds to battle,
Hark! the thund'ring cannons rattle;
'Tis cruel ambition now calls me away,
Whilſt I have ten thouſand kind ſoft things to ſay.
While honor alarms me,
Young Cupid diſarms me,
And Celia ſo charms me,
I cannot away.
Hark! again honor calls me to arms,
Hark the trumpet how ſweetly it charms!
Celia no more then muſt be obey'd.
Cannons are roaring and enſigns diſplay'd.

A BACCANALIAN SONG.

Sung in the Poor Soldier

DEAR Sir, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I will drink to ſweet Kate of the vale
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirſty old ſoul,
As e're drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
In boozing about 'twas his praiſe to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he ſat at his eaſe,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you pleaſe,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he dy'd, full as big as a Dorcheſter butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had reſolv'd it again,
A potter found out, in it's cover ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth, and mild ale;
So hear's to my lovely ſweet Kate of the vale.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny liting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou',
Dear ſhe loo'd the well-known ſong,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praiſe the whole day long.
Down the bourne, &c.

Coſtly claiths ſhe had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great ſtore;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wiſe'ly wiſh'd no more:
Love's the pearl, the ſhepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the ſhepherd's eyes.
Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae theſe impart;
Youthful Mary's greateſt wealth
Was ſtill her faithful Johnny's heart:
Sweet the joys the lovers find!
Great the treaſure, ſweet the pleaſure
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the bourne, &c.

HUSH! EVERY BREEZE.

HUSH! every breeze, let nothing move,
My Delia ſings, and ſings of love;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat.
Huſh! every breeze, &c.

In the ſweet ſhade my Delia ſtay,
You'll ſcorch thoſe charms more ſweet than May;
The ſun now rages in his noon,
'Tis pity, ſure, to part ſo ſoon,
'Tis pity, ſure, &c.

Oh! hear me, Delia, hear me now,
Incline propitious to my vow:
So may thy charms no changes prove,
But bloom for ever like my love.
But bloom, &c.

HARK! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
Calls the heroes to the field,
Honour wakes to wars alarms,
Bold to conquer, not to yield.

See the deſp'rate band gives way,
Victory her trophies ſhews,
We the battle gain to-day,
Slain or captiv'd are our foes.

THE CHEARFUL WIFE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Lord of the Manor.

I ONCE was a maiden as freſh as a roſe,
And as fickle as April weather;
I lay down without care, and I wak'd with repoſe,
With a heart as light as a feather.
With a heart, *&c.*

I work'd with the girls, and I play'd with the men.
I always was romping or ſpinning:
And what if they pilfer'd a kiſs now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great ſinning.
I hope, *&c.*

I wedded a huſband as young as myſelf,
And for every frolic as willing;
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a ſhilling.
And we, *&c.*

He's gone to the wars, heav'n ſend him a prize,
For his pains he is welcome to ſpend it;
My example I know is more merry than wiſe,
Lord help me! I never ſhall mend it.
Lord help me, *&c.*

THE SPINDLE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Deſerter.

SOME how my ſpindle I miſlaid,
And loſt it underneath the graſs;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And ſaid, What ſeek you pretty laſs?
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas paſſing by yon ſpreading oak
That I my ſpindle loſt juſt now:
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bow.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

MA CHERE AMIE.

MA chere Amie, my charming fair,
Whoſe ſmiles can baniſh ev'ry care;
In kind compaſſion ſmile on me,
Whoſe only care is love of thee.
Ma chere amie, ma chere amie, ma chere amie,
ma chere amie.

Under ſweet friendſhip's ſacred name,
My boſom caught the tender flame;
May friendſhip in thy boſom be
converted into love for me.
Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one!
Let pity ſoften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid! I die for thee.
Ma chere amie, &c.

THE FAREWEL.

OH! how ſhall I, in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell;
Or form my fault'ring tongue to ſpeak
That cruel word, farewel!
Farewel—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray:
Go where I will, my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

AIRS *in the* SHAMROCK.

AIR.

Mrs. Martyr.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can—
Attend, and I'll tell you what ſort of a man;
In addreſs how compleat,
And in dreſs ſpruce and neat,
No matter how tall, ſo he's over five feet;
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If ſparkling with pleaſure whenever we meet.

In a ſong bear a bob,
In a glaſs a hob-nob,
Yet drink of his reaſon his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he ſhall ſee,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me,
This, this is my fancy;
If ſuch a man can ſee,
I'm his, if he's mine; until then, I'll be free.

AIR.

Mrs. Bannister

Dearest youth, why thus away,
And leave me here a-mourning!
Ceaseless tears, while thou'rt away,
Must flow for thy returning.
Winding brooks, if by your side
My careless Pat is straying,
Gently murmur, softly chide,
And say for him I'm straying.

Meads and groves I've rambled o'er,
In vain, dear youth, to find thee:
Come, ah! come, and part no more,
To leave thy love behind thee.
On yon hill I'll sit till night,
My careful watch still keeping;
But if he does not bless my sight,
I'll lay me down a-weeping.

AIR.

Mrs. Kennedy.

The Leixlep is proud of its close shady bowers,
It's clear falling waters, and murm'ring cascades,
It's groves of fine myrtles, it's beds of sweet flowers.
It's lads so well dress'd, and it's neat pretty maids.

As each his own village will still make the most of,
In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong,
Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on
The horses to start at Curragh of Kildare;

Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoats, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair.

Poor Pat, while ſo bleſt in his mean humble ſtation,
For gold or for acres he never ſhall long;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my ſong.

AIR.

Mr. Edwin.

Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly,
Tho' now I'm as ſlim as a rod;
Oh! love is the cauſe of my folly,
I ſoon ſhall lie under a ſod.

Sing natherum doodle.
Nagetty tragedy rum,
My didtherum boodle,
Fidgetty nidgitty mum.

Dear Shelah, then why do you flout me,
A lad that's ſae coyſe and warm;
With ev'ry thing handſome about me,
A cabin, and ſnug little farm.
Sing natherum doodle, &c.

What tho' I have ſcrap'd up no money,
No duns at my chamber attend;
On Sunday I ride on my poney,
And ſtill have a bit for a friend.
Sing natherum doodle. &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The ſparrow, the pigeon and dove;
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
I look, and I think of my love.
Sing didtherum, &c.

HOURS OF LOVE.

COME, come my fair one, let us ſtray,
And taſte the ſweet of early day;
Young health, the roſy child of morn,
With bluſhes ſhall thy cheeks adorn.
With bluſhes, &c.

Look, look abroad, behold 'its day,
See on yon lawns the lambkins play;
Now ev'ry linnet of the grove:
Charms the liſt'ning ſwain to love.
Charms the, &c.

Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
Ariſe, my fair, ariſe and prove
The dear delights fond lovers know,
The beſt of bleſſings here below.
The beſt, &c.

THE ROSE.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in Selima and Azor.

NO flower that blows is like this roſe,
Or ſcatters ſuch perfume;
Upon my breaſt, ah! gently reſt,
And ever, ever bloom!

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleaſing gift thou art;
Come, ſweeteſt flower, and from this hour
Live henceforth in my heart!

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poſitive Man.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
When forc'd from her to go,
Adown her cheeks ran many a tear—
My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood,
The land we left behind—
Her tears then ſwell'd the briny flood—
My ſighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet my bonny bride.

That time I fail'd the world around,
All for my true-love's ſake;
But preſs'd as we were homeward bound—
I thought my heart would break.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain
To let me once on ſhore—
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away?
And is he gone? ſhe cry'd:
My Polly, ſweeteſt flow'r in May—
She languiſh'd, droop'd and dy'd.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whoſe deep embow'ring ſhade,
Seem'd moſt for love and contemplation made,
A cryſtal ſtream with gentle murmur flows,
Whoſe flow'ry banks are form'd for ſoft repoſe:
Thither, retir'd from phœbus' ſultry ray,
And lull'd in ſleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was ſtumping to the neighb'ring grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought.
But when he firſt beheld the ſleeping maid,
He gap'd, he ſtar'd!—her lovely form ſurvey'd;
And while with artleſs voice, he ſweetly ſung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue:

AIR.

The ſtream that glides in murmurs by,
Whoſe glaſſy boſom ſhews the ſky,
Completes the rural ſcene;
But in thy boſom, charming maid,
All heav'n itſelf is ſure diſplay'd,
Too lovely Iphigene!

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and ſtarts—poor Cymon trembling ſtands,
Down falls the ſtaff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence, ſaid he, diſpel all fear,
Where honour's preſent, ſure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, ſhe replies,
Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not riſe;
Thy honeſt heart no wrong can entertain;
Purſue thy way, and let me ſleep again.
The clown, tranſported, was not ſilent long,
But thus, with extacy, purſu'd his ſong:

AIR.

With jetty locks, that careleſs break
In wanton ringlets down thy neck;
Thy love-inſpiring mien;
Thy ſwelling boſom, ſkin of ſnow,
And taper ſhape, inchant me ſo,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, ſhe liſtens, nor can trace from whence
The formal clod is thus inſpir'd with ſenſe;
She gazes—finds him comely, tall and ſtrait,
And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;
Bids him be ſecret, and next day attend
At the ſame hour, to meet his faithful friend:
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
And nature's language ſureſt will ſucceed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a ſacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaſte deſire;
Love can rage itſelf controul,
And elevate the human ſoul.

Depriv'd of that, our wretched ſtate
Had made our lives of too long date:
But bleſt with beauty, and with love,
We taſte what angels do above.

LOVE'S A BUBBLE.

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble,
Whilſt we love and love in vain;
When 'tis over, is the lover
Now we've got him, worth the gain?

Is love treaſure? Is it pleaſure?
That can pay whole years of care;
Is the bleſſing worth careſſing?
Speak ye ſwains, and own ye fair.

Kind ye're pleaſing, coy we're teazing,
Love's a fond fatiguing chaſe;
Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us,
Hearts our ſport from place to place.

Cupid ſmiling, life beguiling,
Tempts us with the playful toy;
Oft denying, oft complying,
Love's our torment and our joy.

SONGS *in* ROSINA.

DUET.

WILLIAM *and* PHŒBE.

WILLIAM.

I VE kiſs'd, and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft, d'ye ſee;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the faireſt ſhe;
But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the ſloe in the hedge,
Her face like the bloſſoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new-ſhorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's ſtraight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as freſh as a roſe;
He looks like a 'ſquire of high degree,
When dreſs'd in his Sunday clothes.

AIR.

BELVILLE.

Ere bright Roſina met my eyes,
How peaceful paſs'd the joyous day!
In rural ſports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin liſten'd to my lay.
But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the ruſtic ſports can pleaſe;
I live the ſlave of fond deſire,
Loſt to myſelf, to mirth, and eaſe.
The tree that, in a happier hour,
It's boughs extended o'er the plain;
When blaſted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor ſhades the ſwain.

AIR.

ROSINA.

Whilſt with village-maids I ſtray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Chearful glows my artleſs breaſt,
Mild content's the conſtant gueſt.

AIR.

ROSINA.

Light as thiſtle-down moving, which floats in the air.
Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear;
Of autumn's rich ſtore I bring home my part,
The weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart.

AIR.

WILLIAM.

When bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted ſwain;
Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd laſt of all the train.
If chance ſome fairing caught her eye,
The ribband gay, or ſilken glove;
With eager haſte I ran to buy;
For what is gold, compar'd to love?

My poſy on her boſom plac'd
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale!
Her auburne locks my ribband grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my ruſtic preſents move:
Her heart prefers a richer ſwain;
And gold, alas! has baniſh'd love.

THE INDICTED LOVER.

YOU ſay, at your feet that I wept with deſpair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever ſo fair:
How could you believe all the nonſenſe I ſpoke?
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.
I next ſtand indicted for ſwearing to love,
And nothing but death ſhould my paſſion remove:
I have lik'd you a twelve-month, a calendar-year,
And not yet contented!—Have conſcience, my dear.

JOVIAL COMPANION.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

COME, come my jolly lads!
The wind's abaft;
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd;—
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle boys
Haul the boat;
The boatswain pipe's aloud:
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail;
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd;
Then sling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes arise—
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul:
The cann, boys, bring—
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we'll see
Old England once again:
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall shew
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.
Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

THE HONEST SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Banniſter,

In none are ſo blind as thoſe who won't ſee.

THAT girl who fain wou'd chuſe a mate,
Shou'd ne'er in fondneſs fail her ;
May thank her lucky ſtars, if Fate
Shou'd ſplice her to a ſailor.

He braves the ſtorm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her ;
Diamonds, if diamonds ſhe could eat,
Wou'd ſeek her honeſt ſailor.

If ſhe be true, ſure of his heart,
She never need bewail her ;
For, tho' a thouſand leagues apart,
Still conſtant is her ſailor.

Tho' ſhe be falſe, ſtill he is kind,
And comes with ſmiles to hail her ;
He truſting, as he truſts the wind,
Still faithleſs to her ſailor.

A butcher can procure her prog ;
Three-threads to drink, a taylor :
What's that to biſcuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her ſailor ?

She who wou'd ſuch a mate refuſe,
The Devil ſure muſt ail her :
Search round, and if you're wiſe, you'll chuſe
To wed an honeſt ſailor.

TRUE BLUE AND NANCY.

A DIALOGUE AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE.

Sung in the Preſs Gang.

NANCY.

AND canſt thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native ſhore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

TRUE BLUE.

Yes, I muſt leave my Nancy,
To humble haughty Spain;
Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

NANCY.

Amidſt the foaming billows,
When thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on theſe green willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on ſhore.

TRUE BLUE.

I fear not land or water,
I fear not ſword or fire;
For ſweet revenge and ſlaughter
Are all that I deſire.

NANCY.

May guardian gods protect thee,
From Water, fire and fteel!
And may no fears affect thee,
Like thofe which now I feel!

TRUE BLUE.

I leave to heav'n's protection
My life, my only dear;
You have my fou"s affection,
So ftill conclude me here.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

Sung in Love in a Village.

THERE was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, he fung from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he:
And this the burthen of his fong
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody—no, not I—
If nobody cares for me.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted ſweet Moggy ſo fair;
The laſs ſhe was lovely, the ſwain debonair:
They hugg'd and they cuddl'd, and talk'd with their eyes,
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wiſe.

A fortnight was ſpent, ere dear Moggy came too;
(For maidens a decency keep, when they woo)
At length ſhe conſented, and made him a vow;
And Jockey, he gave for his jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
Still kiſſing and fondling until they came there;
They call'd on the parſon, and by him were wed,
And Moggy ſhe took her dear Jockey to bed.

They ſtaid there a week, as the neighbours all ſay,
And none were ſo happy and gameſome as they:
Then home they return'd, but return'd moſt unkind,
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, ſhe cry'd, Gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reaſon that Moggy you mock?
Quoth he, Gooſe, come on, why you're now my bride;
And when volk are wed, they ſet fooling aſide.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who bruſh'd up the houſe while he thatch'd the old barn;
They laid in a ſtock for the cares that enſue,
And now live as man and wife uſually do.

CORN RIGGS ARE BONY.

Sung by Peggy in the Gentle Shepherd.

MY Patty is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay;
His face is fair and ruddy:
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his wawking;
The shining of his een surprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn riggs are bony!

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony,
He's free to towzle air or late,
Where corn riggs are bony,

VARIETY.

ASK you who is ſinging here,
Who ſo blithe can thus appear?
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place;
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
Such am I, Variety.

Like a bird that ſkims the air,
Here and there, and ev'ry where;
Sip my pleaſure like a bee,
Nothing's like Variety.

Love's ſweet paſſion warms my breaſt,
Roving love but breaks my reſt;
One good heart's enough for me,
Tho' my name's Variety.

Crouded ſcenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve;
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, Variety.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem, that in ſearching around,
This ſource of content is ſo rare to be found.

O friendſhip! thou balm and rich ſweetner of life,
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife;
Withou' thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty deluſion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with ſafety depend;
Our joys when extended, will always increaſe,
And griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into peace.

When fortune is ſmiling, what crowds will appear.
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere;
Yet change, but the proſpect, and p int out diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

AIRS

IN

INKLE *and* YARICO.

LAST VALENTINE'S DAY.

TRUDGE

A VOYAGE over ſeas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known on which ſide to have butter'd my bread.
Heigho! ſure I—for hunger muſt die!
I've ſail'd like a booby; come here in a ſquall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

In London, what gay chop-houſe ſigns in the ſtreet!
But the only ſign here is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhou'd die!
My mutton's all loſt, I'm a poor ſtarving elf,
And for all the world like a loſt mutton myſelf.
Oho! I ſhall die a loſt mutton!
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

For a neat ſlice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull;
And my ſtomach's ſo empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhou'd die!
But grave without meat, I muſt here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never ſhall ſave.
Oho! I ſhall ne'er ſave my bacon!
I can't ſave my bacon, not I!

VARICO.

WHEN the chace of day is done,
And the ſhaggy lion's ſkin,
Which for us our warriers win,
Decks our cell at ſet of ſun,
Worn with toil, with ſleep oppreſt,
I preſs my moſſy bed, and ſink to reſt.

Then, once more, I ſee our train,
With all our chace renew'd again:
Once more 'tis day,
Once more our prey
Gnaſhes his angry teeth, and foams in vain;
Again in ſullen haſte, he flies,
Taken in the toil, again he lies,
Again he roars, and in my ſlumber dies.

NARCISSA.

FRESHLY now the breeze is blowing,
As yon ſhip at anchor rides;
Sullen waves, inceſſant flowing,
Rudely daſh againſt the ſides;
So my heart, its courſe impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breaſt;
Doubts like waves by waves ſucceeded,
Riſe, and ſtill deny it reſt.

DUETT.

O SAY, BONNY LASS.

INKLE.

O SAY, ſimple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in croſſing the ocean?
When winds whiſtle ſhrilly, ah! won't they remind you
To ſigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and ſail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to ſleep, whilſt we're rock'd by each billow.

INKLE.

"Then ſay, lovely laſs, what if haply eſpying
A rich galliant veſſel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows."

BOTH.

O ſay then, my true-love, we never will ſunder,
Nor ſhrink from the tempeſt, nor dread the big thunder,
Whilſt conſtant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

ONE DAY, HEARD MARY SAY.

WOWSKI.

WHITE man, never go away ;
Tell me why need you ?
Stay with your Wowſki, ſtay ;
Wowſki will feed you.
Cold moons are now coming in ;
Ah do'nt grieve me !
I'll wrap you in leopard's ſkin ;
White man, don't leave me.

And when all the ſky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather,
I'll catch you a Cockatoo,
Dreſs you in feather.
When cold comes or when 'tis hot,
Ah don't go grieve me !
Poor Wowſki will be forgot—
White man, don't leave me !

PATTY.

THIS maxim let every one hear
Proclaim'd from the north to the ſouth,
What ever comes in at your ear,
Should never run out at your mouth.
We ſervants, like ſervants of ſtate,
Should liſten to all and be dumb;
Let others harangue and debate,
We look wiſe—ſhake our heads—and are mum.

The judge, in all dignity dreſt,
In ſilence hears barriſters preach;
And then, to prove ſilence is beſt,
He'll get up and give 'em a ſpeech.
By ſaying but little, the maid
Will keep her ſwain under her thumb;
And the lover that's true to his trade,
Is certain to kiſs and cry mum.

CAMPLEY.

WHY ſhou'd I vain fears diſcover,
Prove a dying, ſighing ſwain?
Why turn ſhilly-ſhally lover,
Only to prolong my pain?
When we woo the dear enſlaver,
Boldly aſk and ſhe will grant;
How ſhould we obtain a favour,
But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
Nearly then the battle's won;
Parents think 'tis vain denying,
When half our work is fairly done.

RONDEAU.

SINCE 'TIS VAIN TO THINK OF FLYING.

MARS would oft his conqueſts over,
To the Cyprian goddeſs yield;
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who, like him, cou'd brave the field.
Mars wou'd oft, &c.

In the cauſe of battle hearty,
Still the god wou'd ſtrive to prove;
He who fac'd an adverſe party,
Fitteſt was to meet his love.
Mars wou'd oft, &c.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluſter,
Hear the god of war declare;
Cowards never can paſs muſter,
Courage only wins the fair.
Mars wou'd oft, &c.

SIR CHRIS. CURRY.

"O GIVE me your plain dealing fellows,
" Who never from honeſty ſhrink;
" Not thinking on all they ſhou'd tell us,
" But telling us all that they think.

" Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,
" His free ſpoken heart's a full cup;
" But when truth ſticks half way in the throttle,
" Man's worſe than a bottle cork'd up.

" Complaiſant is a gingerbread creature,
" Us'd for ſhew, like a watch by each ſpark;
" But truth is a golden repeater,
" That ſets a man right in the dark."

YARICO.

OUR grotto was the ſweeteſt place!
The bending boughs with fragrance blowing,
Wou'd check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be ſtopt from flowing,
'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill;
Ah! think on this and love me ſtill.

'Twas then my boſom firſt knew fear,
Fear to an Indian maid a ſtranger;
The war-ſong, arrows, hatchet, ſpear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my boſom fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

"For him by day with care conceal'd,
"To bring him food I climb'd the mountain;
"And when the night no form reveal'd,
"Jocund we ſought the bubbling fountain.
"Then, then wou'd joy my boſom fill;
"Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill."

WOWSKI.

REMEMBER when we walk'd alone,
And heard ſo gruff the lion growl;
And when the moon ſo bright it ſhone,
We ſaw the wolf look up and howl.
I led you well, ſafe to our cell,
While tremblingly
You ſaid to me,
—And kiſs'd ſo ſweet—dear Wowſki tell,
How cou'd I live without ye?

But now you come acroſs the ſea,
And tell me here no monſters roar;
You'll walk alone, and leave poor me,
When wolves to fright you howl no more,
But, ah! think well on our old cell,
When tremblingly
You kiſs'd poor me,
Perhaps you'll ſay—Dear Wowſki tell,
How cou'd I live without you?

TRUDGE.

A CLERK I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle;
And went in boots to ſee the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby twirl'd my ſtick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girl's all cry'd, "He's quite the kick."
Oh Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America! I ſail,
Yankee doodle, deedle;
The ſailor boys cry'd, "ſmoke his tail!
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On Engliſh belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
And got a foreign fair, quite black.
Oh twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguiſh trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boaſt their pouting under-lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
My Wows wou d beat a hundred ſuch,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whoſe upper-lip pouts twice as much,
O pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine ſhall grace her noſe,
Waving fidle feedle;

With jealouſy I ne'er ſhall burſt,
Who'd ſteal my bone of bone-a?
A white Othello, I can truſt
A dingy Deſdemona.

CAMPLEY.

COME let us dance and ſing,
While all Barbadoes' bells ſhall ring;
Love ſcrapes the fiddle ſtring,
And Venus plays the lute.
Hymen gay, foots away,
Happy at our wedding-day,
Cocks his chin, and figures in
To tabor, fife and flute.

CHORUS.

Come then dance and ſing,
While all Barbadoes' bells ſhall ring, &c.

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care
Is vaniſh'd into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear
To join the jocund dance?
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantaſtic toe,
While with glee, merrily,
The roſy hours advance.

YARICO.

When firſt the ſwelling ſea
Hither brought my love and me,
What then my fate wou'd be,
Little did I think—
Doom'd to know care and woe,
Happy ſtill is Yarico:
Since her love will conſtant prove,
And nobly ſcorn to ſhrink.

TRUDGE.

'Sbob's now I'm fixt for life,
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife,
Who fears domeſtic ſtrife—
Who cares now a ſouſe!
Merry cheer my dingy dear
Shall find with her factotum here;
Night and day, I'll friſk and play
About the houſe with Wows.

PATTY.

Let Patty ſay a word,
A chambermaid may ſure be heard:
Sure men are grown abſurd,
Thus taking black for white!
To hug and kiſs a dingy miſs,
Will hardly ſuit an age like this—
Unleſs here, ſome friends appear,
Who like this wedding-night.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

Sung in the School for Scandal.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Cubitt, at Vauxhall.

THE bluſh of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops beſpangle the ſweet-ſcented thorn;
Then ſound, brother ſportſman, ſound, ſound the gay horn,
Till Phœbus awakens the day.
And ſee, now he riſes in ſplendor how bright!
I, O, Pæan for Phœbus, the god of delight;
All glorious in beauty, now vaniſh the night.
Then mount, boys, to horſe and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace?
Health, bloom and contentment appear in each face,
And in our ſwift courſers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet ſtag do purſue!
At the deep and harmonious ſweet cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror, he burſts from the foreſt's wide bounds,
And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
Yet, ſtill, boys, we keep him in view.

When chac'd till quite ſpent, he his life does reſign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's ſhrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter ſo mighty of fame:
Our glaſſes then charge to our country and king;
Love and beauty we'll charge to, and jovially ſing,
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs till we make the houſe ring,
To all ſportſmen and ſons of the game!

HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION.

Sung by Mrs. Abington.

HOW imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart!
When our boſoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults ſwell,
And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying,
Language would, but cannot tell!

Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive, paints my cheek:
Aſk no more—behold your error—
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.
What, tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air,
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me!
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feeling view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true.
From you I am wild, deſpairing
With you, ſpeechleſs as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And, perhaps, declares too much.

DO IF YOU DARE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

AS Jockey ſat down by Jenny one day,
Beneath a tall ſycamore ſhade,
The lav'rocks were ſinging, all nature was gay,
While fondly he gaz'd on the maid.

The glance of her eye ſoon kindled a flame—
He found his heart caught in a ſnare;
And ſaid, Should I love, would you think me to blame?
Ah! do, ſhe cried; do if you dare.

You cannot be angry, dear Jenny, I'm ſure,
For nature has form'd you complete:—
She affected to frown, look prim and demure,
Till Jockey fell down at her feet.

Young Cupid, he cried, with his whimſical dart,
Has ſhot me quite through, I declare;
You'll ſtill be unkind, tho' I offer'd my hand,
Aye, do, ſhe cried, do if you dare.

Then leaving the ground, he reſumed his ſeat,
And pull'd the fair maid on his knee—
Poor Jenny was ſoften'd, and felt her heart beat,
And ſtruggl'd to get herſelf free.

No, no, cried the youth, your conſent I muſt have,
The parſon to make us a pair;
In the church I will meet you to-morrow, dear Jane;
She archly cried, Do if you dare.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy in the Poor Soldier.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer;
Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, *&c.*

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

AS SURE AS A GUN.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

ALL you who woud wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you ſtand fooling, and ſhy, like an aſs,
You'll loſe her, as ſure as a gun.

With whining, and ſighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you pleaſe you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as ſure as a gun.

To worſhip, and call her bright goddeſs, is fine,
But, mark you the conſequence—mum;
The baggage will think herſelf really divine,
And ſcorn you, as ſure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and ſtout,
And no opportunity ſhun;
She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out,
But mum—ſhe's as ſure as a gun.

THE NUN.

SURE a laſs in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er ſo diſtreſs'd as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me, ſhe'll have me a nun.
But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity, a girl ſuch as I,
Shou'd be ſentenc'd to pray, and to faſt, and to cry;
With ways ſo devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promiſe, and ſwear,
Is a thouſand times better to me, I declare;
I can keep myſelf chaſte, nor by wiles be undone;
Nay, beſides, I'm too handſome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh, I never can bear,
Nor yield to be ſent to—one cannot tell where;
To live or to die, in this caſe were all one;
Nay, I ſooner would die, then be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to teaze me, ſhe threatens me ſo,
I'm ſure we're ſhe me, ſhe wou'd ſtoutly ſay no;
But if ſhe's in earneſt, I from her will run,
And be married in ſpite, that I may'nt be a nun.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find, at last, content and ease;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore!

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung by Mrs. Wells. in the Agreeable Surprize.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
Why let 'em ſcold and bellow:
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair-day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well O;
So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over—night was come—
The lad was ſomewhat mellow;
Says he, my dear, I'll ſee you home;
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along—the moon ſhone bright—
Says he, my ſweeteſt Nello,
I'll kiſs you here by this good light:
Lord, what a charming fellow!

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtop'd my breath;
Ye bells, ring out my knello:
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

A SOLDIER, A SOLDIER FOR ME.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Beft Bidder.

A SOLDIER, a ſoldier, a ſoldier for me;
His arms are ſo bright,
And he ſtands ſo upright;
So gallant and gay,
When he trips it away;
Who is ſo nice and well-p wder'd as he?
Sing rub a dub, dub a dub, whe, whe, whe, fe, fe, fe;
Thunder, nd plunder! a ſoldier, a ſoldier, a ſoldier for me.

Each morn when you ſee him upon the parade,
He cuts ſuch a flaſh,
With his groget an l faſh,
And makes ſuch ado,
With his gaiters and pu ue—
Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid?
Sing rub a dub, *&c. &c. &c.*

Or elſe, when he's mounted ſo trim and ſo tall,
With broad ſword in hand,
The whole town to command;
Such capers! ſuch prances!
Such ogling! ſuch glances!
Our hearts gal'op off and are left at Whitehall.
Sing tara, tantara, tan, too, too, too, too, too, too;
Trumpet, and thump it—a ſoldier, a ſoldier, a ſoldier for me.

THE SILVER-TON'D TRUMPET.

Sung by Mr. Arrowſmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to arms,
Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms;
Tho' honor commanded, yet love fill'd my mind:
Ah! how could I leave the dear charmer behind!
Yet the rage of the battle with courage I tried,
Surviv'd while the heroes fell faſt on each ſide;
Love ſtood my protector in all the alarms,
While the ſilver-ton'd trumpet ſtill ſounded to arms.

Now olive rob'd peace kind advances again,
And her bleſſings diſpenſes wide over the plain;
Return'd to Eliza, we join'd in the throng,
Where is heard the ſoft pipe, or the heart-lifting ſong;
Each rural amuſement with rapture we try,
While the beams of contentment are form'd in each eye:
Love ſtood my protector in all the alarms,
While the ſilver-ton'd trumpet ſtill ſounded to arms.

What mortal like me ſo tranſcendantly bleſt,
When claſp'd by the charmer with joy to her breaſt!
The laurel of conqueſt I give to the wind—
'Tis nought without love and honor combin'd;
But when thus united, how noble the name!
That envy muſt wait on ſo happy a fame:
Love ſtood my protector in all the alarms,
While the ſilver-ton'd trumpet ſtill ſounded to arms.

RETURN, ENRAPTUR'D LOVE.

Compoſed by Major Andrè, during his confinement.

RETURN, enraptur'd hours,
When Delia's heart was mine;
When ſhe with wreaths of flow'rs
My temples did entwine!
No jealouſy nor care
Corroded in my breaſt,
And viſions light as air
Preſided o'er my reſt.

Since I'm remov'd from ſtate,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine;
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happineſs!
This grant, ye pow'rs above!
And take my ſoul to bliſs!

Now, nightly round my bed,
No airy viſions play;
Nor flow'rets deck my head,
Each vernal holiday:
But far from theſe ſad plains
The lovely Delia flies,
While rack'd with jealous pains
Her wretched André dies.

ROBIN HOOD.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Foreſt.

WE'LL ſeek the bow'r of Robin Hood,
And keep his bridal day,
For cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood,
The brides and brideſmen play:
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtimes ſee;
For the min'ſtrels ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's ſtout and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold:
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtimes ſee;
For the min'ſtrels ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily.

There dancing ſprightly on the green,
Each light-foot lad and laſs;
Sly-ſtealing kiſſes, when unſeen,
And gingling glaſs for glaſs:
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtimes ſee;
For the min'ſtrels ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily.

SAILOR'S SONG.

GO high, go low, in ev'ry ſtate,
The ſailor's heart is true,
In adverſe or in proſp'rous fate,
He joins the jovial crew;
Then toiling early, watching late,
Defends his king and country's cauſe,
In hopes to be,
When come from ſea,
Chear'd with applauſe.

At home when ſports his welcome crown,
His wife's the livelieſt of the throng;
Or when care ſinks his ſpirits down;
Her endearing ſmile
Rewards his toil,
And greets his fav'rite ſong.
Go high, &c.

So when the nuptial knot is ty'd,
Our friendſhip cloſer will cement;
Each morn you'll hail my blooming bride,
And gladly ſhare my heart's content.
I'll graſp the hand which made her mine,
To ſocial ſcenes my hours reſign,
While all the wonted ſtrain ſhall join.
Go high, go low, &c.

POOR TOM.

THEN farewel my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewel;
Never more at Chelſea Ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a ſpell.

But to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball ſhall lay me low.

Then may-hap when homeward ſteering
With the news my meſs-mates come;
Even you, the ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry—Poor Tom!

POOR BUT CONTENT.

HAPPY the nymph who ne'er can know
Diſtractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at diſtance from the great,
Who willing lives in low eſtate.
One fountain is her mirrour, and her drink,

And if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think;
It matters not—of joy ſecure,
Bleſt in the little heav'n has ſent,
Her only pride is that ſhe's poor:
Poor but content.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Sherwood Foreſt.

THE laſſes are mad, the archers are mad,
For nimbly footing the ground, ſir,
In merry Sherwood no ſoul ſhall be ſad,
While harps with melody ſound, ſir,
In merry, &c.

We'll tipple till mad, then madly ſing
Madrigals, catches, and glees, ſir;
Chaunt out, like mad, till the welkin ring,
Under the miſſetoe-tree, ſir.
Chaunt out, &c.

We fight like mad, when we fall on our foe,
Shoot arrows wing'd like the wind, ſir;
The fat fallow-deer can't eſcape our bows,
Nor in ſwiftneſs, ſafety find, ſir.
The fat fallow, &c.

Then madly we'll ſing, and madly we'll dance,
And madly all roar out, ſir;
And madly make our enemies prance,
It mad to try a bout, ſir.
And madly, &c.

Brave Scarlet is mad, ſtout Allen is mad,
And John's as mad as the beſt, ſir;
Maidens run mad, our hearts are glad;
Stark mad ſhall be ev'ry gueſt, ſir.
Maidens run, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAIN LIFE.

THE ſhepherd's plain life,
Without guilt, without ſtrife,
Can only true bleſſings impart:
As nature directs,
That bliſs he expects
From health, and from quiet of heart.

Vain grandeur and pow'r,
Thoſe joys of an hour,
Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
Can titles or ſhow,
Contentment beſtow?
All happineſs dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay roſe,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the depth of the vale!
Yon oak, that on high,
Aſpires to the ſky,
Both light'ning and tempeſts aſſail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the ſnare
Of ambition beware,
That ſource of vexation and ſmart;
And ſport in the glade,
Or repoſe in the ſhade,
Both with health and with quiet of heart.

A POET THERE WAS.

A POET there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
And he quaff'd poor ſmall beer, tho' he ſung of good claret;
A damſel he married both buxom and fair,
And the ſigh'd and took on for a chariot and chair.
Derry down, &c.

One day as this bardling was ſcribbling a novel,
His fingers in ink and his head in a hovel;
His ſpouſe in idea was building a palace,
And tripping in fancy from Dover to Calais.
Derry down, &c.

Had I a good fortune; dear rhime well ſaid ſhe,
I'd ſkim round the globe in my gilt vis-a-vis,
I'd have taſſels before and gay trimmings behind,
And I'd move as I ſprung on the ſprings of the wind.
Derry down, &c.

Here John bring my carriage and whirl me away,
Firſt a ſtroll in the park, then a peep at the play;
Now ye gods I'd ſtep out, and now I'd ſtep in it,
Change my dreſs, my diverſions, and mind in a minute.
Derry down, &c.

And would not all this my dear bard be moſt charming,
To my pride be moſt ſoothing, to paſſions alarming;
And then as I ſit in my delicate jacket,
How I'd fire all the folks with my rattle and packet.
Derry down, &c.

All this, ſaid the poet, is brave and uncommon,
And enough I confeſs to diſtract a fine woman;
But while you are thus dreſſing your heart and your head,
I am digging away for our butter and bread.
Derry down, &c.

Since ſuch is our fate Dame, I pr'ythee be quiet,
For how can I write while you make ſuch a riot;
Conſider, good woman, we live upon verſes,
And muſt only be poorer while you talk of purſes.
Derry down, &c.

HOW CHEARFUL.

HOW chearful, along the gay mead,
The daiſy and cowſlip appear!
The flocks, as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the ſpring of the year.

The myrtles that ſhade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that ſpring from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and ſweet flow'rs
All riſe to the praiſe of my God.

Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove!
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who ſuch wonders could raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe:
My ſoul ſhall be wrapt in my God.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempeſts tear the main-
maſt by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee my dear and love
well ſtor'd;
Shall brave all danger, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea;
In hopes on ſhore to be once more,
Safe moor'd with thee.
Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whiſtling wind that ſcuds along:
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be to think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong.
Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their ſweet-hearts and their wives:
I'll heave a ſigh and think on thee,
And as the ſhip rolls thro' the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be.
Blow high, &c.

THE JOVIAL SAILOR.

HOW little do the landſmen know
Of what we ſailors feel,
When ſtorms do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of ſteel:
No danger can affright us,
No enemy ſhall flout;
We'll make monſieur to right us,
So toſs the cann about.

Stick cloſe to orders, meſſmates;
We'll plunder, burn, and ſink;
Then, France, have at your firſt-rates,
For Britons never ſhrink.
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by ſcores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ores.

While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll ſpend our wages freely, boys,
And then to ſea for more.
In peace we'll drink and ſing, boys,
In war we'll never fly;
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family!

FRIENDSHIP AND WINE.

Sung by Mr. Gilſon at Vauxhall.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleaſures their pleaſures ſurpaſs;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the ſame with me ſtill,
If I have but my friend and my glaſs.

The lover may ſigh,
The courtier may lye,
And Cræſus his treaſure amaſs;
All the joys are but vain,
That are blended with pain;
So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

New life wine inſpires,
And creates new deſires,
And oft wins the lover his laſs,
Or his courage prepares
To diſdain the nymph's airs;
So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

The earth ſucks the rain,
The ſun draws the main,
With the earth we are all in a claſs;
Then enliven the clay,
Let us live while we may,
And I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

'Tis friendſhip and wine,
Only life can refine:
We care not whate'er comes to paſs;
With courtiers, or great men,
There's none of us ſtateſmen:
Come here's to my friend and our glaſs.

RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Bartholemon, at Ranelagh.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtſhip's over,
Is ſhe then ſo much his care.

Warm as ſummer, his addreſſes,
Hope and ardour in his eyes;
Cool as winter his careſſes,
When ſhe yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face;
Half his love, the reſt is duty;
Pleaſure ſure is in the chace.

THE BEDECKED LOVER.

Written by Shakeſpeare, and ſung at Ranelagh.

COME, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields:
There will we ſit upon the rocks.
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
Near ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, with a girdle
Embroider'd with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lin'd ſlipper for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;
A belt of ſtraw with ivy buds,
And coral clafps, and ſilver ſtuds:
The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight, each may-morning.
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

MY DAMON'S AIR.

Sung in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air!
Like sunny beams his golden hair;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet the cruel task is mine.
How hard, *&c.*

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.
The hills, *&c.*

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks and fountains please no more!
Each flower in pity droops its head;
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.
All, all, *&c.*

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

MY former time how briſk and gay,
So blithe was I as blithe could be;
But now I'm ſad, ah! well a-day;
For my true love is gone to ſea.

The lads purſue, I ſtrive to ſhun,
Their wheedling arts are loſt on me:
For I, to death, ſhall love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to ſea.

As droops the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove its abſent ſhe;
So will I droop, ſo will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from ſea.

SWEET SLEEP.

YET awhile, ſweet ſleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.
I, a turtle doom'd to ſtray,
Quitting young the parent's neſt,
Find each bird, a bird of prey,
Sorrow knows not where to reſt.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear;
In your holiday ſuits, with your laſſes appear;
The happieſt of folks are the guiltleſs and free;
And who are ſo guiltleſs, ſo happy as we?

We harbour no paſſions, by luxury taught;
We practiſe no arts, with hypocriſy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falſhood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we as the children of nature are bred,
By her hands alone we are painted and dreſs'd,
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet chearfulneſs open our door;
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

THE FAIR MONITOR.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOU'VE ſure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When vows were offer'd at your ſhrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:
When you cou'd ſing and dance and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
The rich jonquil, the bluſhing roſe,
How ſhort a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thouſand foes;
'Till time decrees their full decay,
And harſh December treads on May.

The whole creation owns this truth;
Then why ſhould wrinkled brows exact,
The mode, ſevere on blooming youth,
By which themſelves cou'd never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way,
Too ſoon December treads on May.

Then, ſwains, with tabor, pipe and glee,
Let's whilſt we'er here, grim care deride;
Come ſport and frolic free with me,
In ſpite of age, and prudiſh pride:
The laws of love---all ſhould obey,
Before December treads on May.

DELIA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SOFT pleaſing pains unknown before,
My beating boſom feels,
When I behold the peaceful bow'r
Where deareſt Delia dwells.
There daily do I drive my flock,
Ah happy, happy vale!
There ſighs and looks, and while I look,
My ſighs increaſe the gale.

Sometimes at midnight do I ſtray,
Beneath th' inclement ſkies,
And there my true devotion pay
To Delia's ſleep-ſeal'd eyes;
So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious travel faint,
To kiſs alone the clay-cold tomb
Of ſome lov'd favourite ſaint.

Oh tell, ye ſhades that hold my fair,
And all my bliſs contain,
Ah! why ſhou'd ye thoſe bleſſings ſhare
For which I ſigh in vain:
But let me not at fate repine,
Or thus my griefs impart,
She's not your tenant. ſhe is mine,
Her manſion is my heart.

FREE AND EASY.

SUNG AT THE

Free and Eaſy Society, Liverpool.

MY friends I ſurvey all around with delight,
And jocund and merry I ſpend each club-night:
What mortals on earth, are ſo happy as we?
For our motto and guide, "FREE AND EASY" ſhall be.

CHORUS.

Free and eaſy are we, free and eaſy are we,
Till time is no more, free and eaſy we'll be.

Let humour and mirth with rapidity flow,
But ſeaſon'd with prudence, that all men may know
We are ſocial and happy in every degree,
And live like good fellows, "both eaſy and free."

That our club may ſtill flouriſh and friendſhip abound,
Diſcord fly from hence—faction no where be found;
There's no one that's here, but he'll ſure join with me.
That the true honeſt heart alone ſhould be free.

With tranſport, my friends, let us fill up a glaſs
To the members at large, around let it paſs;
Then join, my good fellows, ſince in this we agree,
That our motto thro' life, ſhall be eaſy and free.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE ſhout is gone forth, hark the deep-ſinging hound
See the ſport-loving, high-mettl'd ſteed ſpurn the ground,
View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud horn,
And ſnort the ſharp air of the froſt-breathing morn:
In an inſtant all nature is rous'd from her trance,
And the hills ſeem to fly, and the trees ſeem to dance:
The woodlands approach, and thoſe foreſts retire,
With frantic delight ev'ry boſom's on fire.

On a brow the 'wrapt peaſant can trace the wild train,
Pour down the ſloop mountain, and cover the plain;
Up the ſteep, in the ſtream, or amidſt the ſcar'd flocks,
Who now regards perils of rivers or rocks?
We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,
With the game in full view, and the pack in full cry.
What ſportſman lacks courage? what courſer lacks breath?
Or who feels fatigue, when we're in at the death?

Nor here ends the pleaſure, nor here ends the chace:
Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace;
Recount, in returning, each peril we dar'd,
And point to each ſpot, where the glory was ſhar'd;
We view the vaſt fragment, the whirlpool profound,
And glow with rememb'rance of acts ſo renown'd.
Then to Bacchus and Venus our proweſs rehearſe,
And deck ev'ry deed in the magic of verſe.

THE SWEETHEARTS.

SINCE the world is so old, and the times are so new,
And every thing talk'd of except what is true;
Among other stories, my fable may pass,
Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass.
Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, à-la-mode de Paris,
All fashion, all feather, bien monsieur poudrie;
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff agen.

A Dutchman advanc'd—when the lady he saw,
He drop'd down his pipe, and he blutter'd out, Yaw!
With hand hid in pocket and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

From Connaught itself, another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgraph Ballinbrough, was his name;
He bow'd to the lass, and he star'd at Monsieur,
Clapt hand on his sword, and said Ah!—Arrah my dear!

The next a Mess John, of rank methodist taint,
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint:
Clos'd his hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle
his face,
Then turn'd up his eyes about to say grace.

A neat English sailor, in holiday trim,
Who had long lov'd the lass, and the lass had lov'd him;
Athwart them all slept, under arm toss'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers a hitch.

He along-side her fell, and he grappl'd on board;
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd:
Then he tow'd her to church; and as to the rest,
What afterwards follow'd, is easily guess'd.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Sung in the Anacreon Society, London.

TO Anacreon, in heaven, where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of harmony ſent a petition,
That he their inſpirer and patron ſhould be;
When this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian,
"Voice, fiddle and flute,
"No longer be mute,
"I'll lend you my name to inſpire you, to boot,
"And, beſides I'll inſtruct you like me to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew;
When old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs—
"If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſchemes to purſue,
"The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
"Hark! already they cry,
"In tranſports of joy,
"Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly,
"And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

"The yellow-hair'd God and his nine ſuſty maids,
"From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
"Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades
"And the bi-forked hill a mere deſert will be.
"My thunder, no fear on't,
"Shall ſoon do this errand,
"And dam'me! I'll ſwing the ring-leaders, I warrant,
"I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up, and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
"Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
"Thy thunder is useless"—then shewing his laurel,
Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
"Then over each head
"My laurels I'll spread,
"My sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread
"Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join—
"The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
"But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine,
Then, Jove be not jealous
Of these honest fellows."
Cry'd Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us;
"And swear by old Styx, that they long shall intwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship and love!
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
Our toast it shall be,
May our club flourish happy, united and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

YOUR RHINO RATTLE.

A favourite New Song in the Opera of Fontainbleau.

THE Britiſh lion is my ſign,
A roaring trade I drive on;
Right Engliſh uſage, neat French wine,
A Landlady may thrive on:
At table de hote, to eat and drink,
Let French and Engliſh mingle;
And while to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle.

Your rhino rattle, come
Men and cattle, come
All to Mrs. Caſey:
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey,
I'll warrant I'll make you eaſy.

When dreſs'd and ſeated in my bar,
Let ſquire, or beau, or belle come;
Let captains kiſs me if they dare,
It's ſir, you're kindly welcome!
On ſhuffle, cog, and ſlip I wink,
Let rooks and pigeons mingle,
And if to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle.
Your rhino rattle. *&c.*

Let love fly here on ſilken wings,
His tricks I'll ſtill connive at;
The lover, who would ſay ſoft things,
Shall have a room in private:

On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,
So lips in kisses mingle;
For while to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glasses jingle.
Your rhino rattle. &c.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame;
Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their fleece:
I could hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath d his love;
Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss;
I design'd to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast,
Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest:
Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss:
To prevent being teaz'd I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife:
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes.

WINTER.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When all nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt.

While the peaſant, inactive, ſtands ſhivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow;
And the innocent flocks run for eaſe to the fold,
With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And they ſend forth their breath like a ſteam;
And the neat looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Flakes of ice that ſhe finds in the cream.

When the ſweet country maiden, as freſh as a roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips, often ſlides;
And the ruſtics laugh loud, if by falling ſhe ſhows,
All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the lads and the laſſes for company join,
In a croud round the embers are met;
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat.

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot,
With the nymph who I love and admire;
While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire!

Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from ſurprize,
We may live, and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.

FROM plowing the ocean, and thraſhing Monſieur,
In old England we'er landed once more;
Your hands, my brave ſhipmates, hollo, boys what cheer
For a ſailor that's juſt come on ſhore?

Theſe hectoring blades thought to ſcare us, no doubt,
And to cut us, and ſlaſh us—morblieu!
But hold there, avaſt! they were plaguely out,
We have ſlic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own conſequence know,
You invaders ſhall ſoon do you right;
The lion may rouſe when he hears the cock crow,
But ſhould never be put in a fright.

You've only to ſhun your nonſenſical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle conteſt;
And let all your ſtrife be like us honeſt tars,
Who ſhall fight for his country the beſt.

A ſea-faring ſpark, if the maids can affect,
Bid the ſimp'ring gypſies look to't:
Sound bottoms, they'll find us in ev'ry reſpect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landſmen, mayhap, in a way of diſcourſe,
Have more art to perſuade, and the like;
But wear thoſe fair colours, for better for worſe,
It's a bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now long live the king, may he profperous reign;
Of no power, no faction afraid;
May Briton's proud flag ſtill exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compaſs diſplay'd.

No quickſands endanger, no ſtorm overwhelm;
Steady, ſteady and ſafe may ſhe ſail;
No ignorant pilots e'er ſit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.

Sung in Comus.

FLY ſwiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameleſs ſoft tranſports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And ſhe in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur inſipid, and riches a pain;
The moſt ſplendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what you gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away!
To Comus' court repair;
There night out-ſhines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

FRIDAY IN THE MORN.

FRIDAY in the morn, of April the twelfth,
For e'er to be recorded ; the glorious Eighty-two,
Great Rodney did diſcern, with artful ſtealth,
The lofty fleet of France that from him flew ;
All hands aloft, he cry'd, ſpread ev'ry ſwelling ſail,
See, ſee the Monſieur flies. he fears we ſhall prevail :
Let ev'ry man ſupply his gun ;
Follow me, you ſhall ſee,
That the battle it will ſoon be won.

De Graſſe, who on the main indignant roll'd,
Fear'd to meet the gallant Rodney in combat on the deep,
Though he had led a mighty train of heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh admiral and his fleet :
Now ev'ry gallant mind to vict'ry did aſpire,
The bloody fight began, the ſea was all on fire
And mighty fate ſtood looking on,
Whilſt a flood, all of blood
Thro' the dazzling Ville de Paris run.

Sulphur, ſmoke, and fire, diſturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the gallic fleet ;
Their vet'ran troops on board, quite chill'd with fear,
Try from our glorious admirals to retreat ;
At five o'clock, brave Hood again to drop them ſtood.
And gave the ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow,
While death and horror equal reign :
Now, they cry, run or die,
Britiſh colours ride the vanquiſh'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd to rocks and ſands!
Sure danger they graſp at to ſhun a greater fate;
In vain for aid they cry to diſtant lands,
The nymphs and ſea gods mourn their loſt eſtate,
For Europe now prepare, thou mighty Paris Ville,
The voyage to England ſure thy monarch's blood will chill.
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now let's ſing, bleſs the king!
Here's a health to ev'ry Britiſh tar.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman away;
Thro' meadows and woods with ſpeed now they bound,
Whilſt health, roſy health, is in exerciſe found,
Hark away is the word to the ſound of the horn,
And echo, blyth echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puſs flies the covert and dogs quick purſue;
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide ſpreading plain,
While the loud opening pack purſue her amain.
Hark a way, &c.

At length puſs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's the ſignal of death,
No joys can delight in the ſports of the field,
To hunting all paſtime and pleaſure muſt yield.
Hark away, &c.

DEAR KATHLEEN.

Sung by Darby, in the Poor Soldier.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find ſleep how very ſweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out;
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play;
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Laſt night, a little bowſy
With whiſky, ale and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowzy
To let me ſit beſide her:
Her anger roſe,
And four as ſloes,
The little gypſey cock'd her noſe;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

MY TRUE LOVE FAR AWAY.

Sung in the Son-in-Law.

THO' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,
Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
And hawthorn buds so gay;
In vain descends refreshing show'rs,
In vain peep forth the fragrant flow'rs
My true love far away.

Tho' summer suns rejoice the swains,
Or yellow autumn blefs the plains,
And sweetly smelling hay:
Tho' all around be blithe and glad,
Cecilia's heart alone is sad,
Her true love far away.

Sung by Dermott, in the Poor Soldier.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Yet dost thou dream thy true-love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me:
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes
To none but love and thee.

THE MONSTROUS HANDSOME CITY BEAU.

Sung in the Son-in-Law.

THIS face obſerve, diſcerning fair,
Obſerve each motion debonair!
My artois buckles when you view,
In ſhining ſable ſattin ſhoe,
You'll ſay that I'm, from top to toe,
A monſtrous handſome city beau.

My humble whiſky I deſpiſe;
Like Phaeton, I mount the ſkies!
And as I drive away like mad,
They all declare that I'm the lad;
And cry---he's ſure, from top to toe,
A monſtrous handſome city beau!

Sung in the Son-in-Law.

I LIKE a plain ſong without fine repetitions.
Soft cadences, grace, or running diviſions;
I love Lango Lee, and ſweet Gramachree Molly,
Or ſtrike up the jorum, to chace melancholy;
With a bottle of red, give me bumper 'Squire Jones,
And the tempeſt of war, in bold Baniſter's tones.

With old friend, and old wine,
Thus I feel no decay,
But a gentle decline
As life paſſes away;
Good humour's our waiter, ſo drink, and ſit ſtill:
For why ſhould we part till old death brings the bill.

WITH AN AIR.

Sung in the Son-in-Law.

WITH an air,
Debonair
I inſtruct the ladies;
Charming ſweet and pretty,
Lovely, fair, and witty,
Suſan, Jane, or Kitty,
I contrive to hit ye:

Come away,
All ye gay,
For the dance my trade is;
Charming, ſweet, and pretty,
Lovely, fair, and witty,
Pry'thee, come away!

See, ſee, ſee!
The dancers are met:
What an elegant ſet!
While in country dance,
Or cotillion they prance,
I regulate their pace.

Ye youths, would you the ſecret know,
Why I'm careſt where'er I go,
With kit in hand I draw my bow,
Squeeze the hand and point the toe,
And ſlide into their grace.

WHAT CARE WE FOR FRANCE OR SPAIN.

LORD, what care we for France or Spain?
Why, let them rave and bellow;
Since Rodney rules upon the main,
O! he's a charming fellow.

De Graffe he crow'd like Gallic cock,
And made his cannons bellow;
But Rodney hit him such a knock,
O! he's a charming fellow.

Mynheer he met with some time since,
Which did his honour swell-o.
When Digby with our Royal Prince,
Call'd him a charming fellow.

Our foes he'll trim where'er he goes,
Ye belles his glory tell-o;
France, Spain and Holland he'll oppose,
O! what a charming fellow.

From north to south, from east to west,
Our enemies he'll quell-o!
Of all our admirals, he's the best,
O! what a charming fellow.

Come, toss the bumper now around,
Let fame her trumpet swell-o;
Wherever Rodney's name is found,
They'll call him a charming fellow.

Sung by Mr. Banniſter.

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd ;
See Briton's glorious flag diſplay'd !
Unfurl the ſwelling ſail !
Sound, ſound your ſhells, ye tritons ſound !
Let every heart with joy rebound !
We ſcud before the gale.

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
Who hails a free-born Britiſh tar,
The ſov'reign of the ſea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives, and ſweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more !
Great George commands ; it muſt be ſo ;
And glory calls ; then let us go !
Nor ſigh a wiſh for ſhore. *For Neptune, &c.*

A ſail a-head, our decks we clear ;
Our canvas croud ; the chace we're near :
In vain the Frenchmen flies.
A broadſide pour'd thro' clouds of ſmoke,
Our captain roars—My hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize ! *For, &c.*

The ſcuppers run with Galic gore ;
The white rag ſtruck ; Monſieur no more
Diſputes the Britiſh ſway.
A prize ! we tow her into port,
And hark ! ſalutes from ev'ry port !
Huzza ! my ſouls, huzza ! *For Neptune, &c.*

Sung in Roſina.

BY dawn to the Downs we repair,
With boſoms right jocund and gay,
And gain more than pheaſant or hare—
Gain health by the ſports of the day.
Mark! mark! to the right-hand prepare—
See Diana!—ſhe points! ſee, they riſe—
See, they float on the boſom of air!
Fire away! whilſt loud echo replies.

Hark! the volley reſounds to the ſkies!
Whilſt echo in thunder replies!
In thunder replies,
And reſounds to the ſkies.
Fire away! fire away! fire away!

EVENING.

NIGHT aſſumes her gloomy reign—
Now ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain:
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleaſure waits us there. *For, &c.*

To ſome clear river's verdant ſide
Do thou my happy footſteps guide;
In concert with the purling ſtream
We'll ſing, and love ſhall be our theme. *We'll, &c.*

There, loſt in extacies of joy,
While tend'reſt ſcenes our thoughts employ:
We'll bleſs the hour our loves begun,
The happy hour that made us one.

NIGHT.

NIGHT reigns around in ſleep's ſoft arms;
The village ſwain forgets his care;
Sleep that the ſting of ſorrows charms,
And heals all ſadneſs but deſpair.
Deſpair alone her power denies,
And when the ſun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach diſtracted flies,
Or cheerleſs thro' the deſert ſtrays.
Or cheerleſs, &c.

Wrapp'd in the ſolitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantaſtic crew,
Reſign'd I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the buſy world adieu.
The world has now no charms for me,
Nor can life now one pleaſure boaſt,
Since all my eyes deſir'd to ſee,
My wiſh, my hope, my all is loſt.
My wiſh, &c.

Muſt then each woman faithleſs prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more almighty love?
The ſad remembrance let me ſhun:
Let her be bleſt with health and eaſe,
Which all your bounty has in ſtore!
Let ſorrow cloud my future days!
Be Stella bleſt! I aſk no more.
Be Stella, &c.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The golling you diſcover,
But taught to ride, to fence and dance,
A finiſh'd gooſe comes over.
With his tierce and carte, ſa, ſa!
And his cotillion ſo ſmart, ha, ha!
He charms each female heart, oh la!
As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, ſee 'ſquire at home,
The prince of country tonies!
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our 'ſquire's a nice Adonis.
With his tierce and carte, ſa, ſa!
And his cotillion ſo ſmart, ha, ha!
He charms the female heart, ho la!
The pink of maccaronies.

Sung in the Caſtle of Andaluſia.

THE hardy ſailor braves the ocean,
Fearleſs of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with ſoft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a ſtranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntleſs roam;
Alarming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

BRITAIN'S QUEEN.

WHEN Briton's Queen on Albian's ſtrand,
First landed from the German main,
Neptune, the guardian of our land,
With Naids join'd, and ſung this ſtrain:
Hail, happy iſle!
Whoſe ſun has ſeldom ſeen
So gracious, ſo
Belov'd a Queen.

Fair freedom dreads no galling chain,
In George and Charlotte's love ſecure;
For while the laws his will reſtrain,
Her mild commands our hearts allure.
Britons with glory,
With glory crown the day,
From whence ſprung George
And Charlotte's ſway.

In her the power to charm is ſeen,
With unaffected wit and ſenſe;
A truly great, yet humble mien,
Effulgent truth and innocence.
Britons with glory, &c.

And when no more theſe virtues ſhine,
Save bright in the hiſtoric page,
Or in her own illuſtrious line,
Prolong'd by heav'n from age to age.
Still Britannia
Her grateful voice ſhall raiſe,
In joyful ſtrains,
To Charlotte's praiſe.

THE TWINS OF LATONA.

Sung by Mr. Banniſter,

In the Poor Soldier.

THE twins of Latona, ſo kind to my boon,
Ariſe to partake of the chaſe ;
And Sol lend a ray to chaſte Dian's fair moon,
And a ſmile to the ſmiles of her face.
For the ſport I delight in, the bright queen of love
With myrtles my brows ſhall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and ſkulks in the grove,
Excell'd by the ſound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupl'd, and ſweet is their cry,
Yet ſweeter the notes of ſweet echo's reply:
Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wiſh to purſue.

The ſtag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His ſentence he hears in the gale ;
Yet flies, till entangl'd in fear and in doubt,
His courage and conſtancy fail.
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Deſpair taking place of his fear !
With antlers erected, a while ſtands at bay,
Then ſurrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs are, &c.

A SWEET-SCENTED BEAU.

A Sweet-scented Beau, and a simp'ring young Cit,
An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
Set out on a chase in pursuit of her heart,
Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art:
And rouz'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
The Lawyer with Quibble, set out on the chase;
The Cit with exactness, made out his account,
The Rake told his conquest, how vast the amount;
She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rouz'd a jolly young Swain,
Hark! forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the plain.
He distanc'd the Wit, the Cit, Quibble, and Beau,
And won the fair Nymph, hollow! hollow!
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

Sung in the Duenna.

GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me:
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad—and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.

VICAR AND MOSES.

THERE was once, - it is faid,
When,---'tis out of my head;---
Aye, and where too --yet true is my tale;
That a round belly'd vicar,
Bepimpled with liquor,
Could flick to no text like good ale.
Tol derol, lol derol lol, &c.

He one night 'gan to dofe,
For, under the rofe,
The prieft was that night non fe ipfe;
Non fe ipfe, you'll fay,
What is that to the lay;---
In plain Engliih, the parfon was tipfey.

When the clerk coming in,
With his hand-bobing chin,
As folemn and fniv'ling as may be,
The vicar he gap'd,
He clerk hem'd and fcrap'd,
Saying - Pleafe, fir, to bury a baby.

Now our author fuppofes
The clerk's name was Mofes,
Who look'd at his maiter fo rofy,
He blink'd with one eye,
And with wig all awry,
He hiccup'd out,---How cheers it Morry?

A child, fir, is carry'd
For you to be bury'd !---
Bury me Moſes !---no, that won't do ;---
Lord, fir, ſays the clerk,
You are all in the dark,
'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Moſes, don't hurry.---
The infant we'll bury ;---
But, maſter, the corps cannot ſtay ;---
What---can't it--- but why ?
For once, then, we'll try
If a corpſe Moſes, can run away.

But Moſes reply'd,
The pariſh will chide,
For keeping them out in cold weather,
Then, Mozy, quoth he,
Pray tell 'em from me,
I'll bury them warm, all together.

But ſir, it rains hard,
Pray have ſome regard ;---
Regard, Moſes ! that makes me ſtay ;
For no corps young or old,
In the rain can catch cold,
But, Moſes, faith, you or I may.

Moſes begg'd to be gone,
Saying, ſir, the rains done ;
Pleaſe to riſe, and I'll lend you my hand ;---
'Tis hard quoth the vicar,
To leave this my liquor,
And go,---when I'm ſure I can't ſtand.

At length, though fore troubl'd,
To church-yard he hobbl'd,
Lamenting the length of the way!
For, Moſes, quoth he,
Where I biſhop, d'ye ſee,
I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave,
Says he, Moſes---a ſtave;---
Lord, where's my tobacco-box hid?
I proteſt this faſt walking
Prevents me from talking;
So, Moſes, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd his book,
And therein ſeem'd to look,
Whilſt o'er the page only he ſquinted;
Crying, Moſes, I'm vex'd,
For I can't ſee the text,
This book is ſo damnably printed.

Woman of a man born---
No---that's wrong the leaf's torn!---
Upon woman the natural ſwell is;
Were men got with child
The world would run wild,
You and I, Moſes, might have big bellies.

Our guts would be preſs'd hard
Were we got with baſtard;
How wonderful are our ſuppoſes;---
What midwife could do it?
He'd be hardly put to it,
Lord bleſs us, to lay me and Moſes.

So Moſes, come forth,
Put the child into earth,
And duſt to duſt, duſt it away;
For Moſes, I truſt,
We ſhould ſoon turn to duſt,
If we were not to moiſten our clay.

Moſes,---mind what I ſay;---
When 'tis night 'tis not day:---
Now in former times ſaints could work miracles,
And raiſe from the dead,---
There's no more to be ſaid,
For, Moſes, I've dropp'd down my ſpectacles.

Moſes,---here what I ſay,---
Life's, alas! but a day,---
Nay, ſometimes it's over at noon;---
Man is but a flow'r,
Cut down in an hour,
'Tis ſtrong ale, Moſes, does it ſo ſoon,

So one pot, and then;---
Moſes anſwered, Amen!---
And thus far we've carry'd the farce on;
'Tis the vice of the times
To reliſh thoſe rhymes,
Where the ridicule runs on a parſon.

But ſatire deteſts
Immorality's jeſts,
All profane or immodeſt expreſſion;
So now we'll conclude,
And drink as we ſhou'd,
To the good folks of ev'ry profeſſion.
Tol derol, lol derol lol, &c.

ROUNDELAY.

Sung by Mrs. Cargill, as Marinetta,

In the Carnival of Venice.

IN my pleaſant native plains,
Wing'd with bliſs each moment flew;
Nature there inſpir'd the ſtrains,
Simple as the joys I knew;
Jocund morn and evening gay,
Claim'd the merry ROUNDELAY.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart;
Call'd for artleſs muſic's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart!
Happy hours for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry ROUNDELAY.

But the breath of genial ſpring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
Who, ſweet birds! that heard you ſing,
Would not join the ſong of love?
Your ſweet notes and chaunting gay,
Claim'd the merry ROUNDELAY.

THE GONDOLIER.

Sung by Mr. Banniſter,

In the Carnival of Venice.

SOON as the buſy day is o'er,
And evening comes with pleaſant ſhade,
We Gondoliers from ſhore to ſhore,
Merrily ply our jovial trade.

And while the moon ſhines on the ſtream,
And as ſoft muſic breaths around,
The feathering oar returns the gleam,
And dips in concert to the ſound.

Down by ſome convent's mould'ring walls
Oft we hear the enamour'd youth;
Softly the watchful fair he calls,
Who whiſpers vows of love and truth.
And while the moon, &c.

And oft where the rialto ſwells,
With happier pairs we circle round;
Whoſe ſecret ſighs fond echo tells,
Whoſe murmur'd vows ſhe bids reſound.
And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
That fearful love muſt own its ſighs;
Then ſmiles the maid to hear reveal'd,
How more than ever ſhe complies.
And while the moon, &c.

YE SPORTSMEN DRAW NEAR.

YE ſportſman draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield;
His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go,
All rank and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho.

The lawyer will riſe with the firſt of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage, or deed,
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the common full ſpeed;
The patriot is thrown in purſuit of the game,
The poet too often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pagaſus flies after Fame,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho.

While fearleſs o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep,
Tho' prudes on our paſtimes may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down;
Thus public, or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WHO thirſts for more knowledge is welcome to roam,
He may ſeek a new climate who is wretched at home,
Who of pleaſure or folly has not had his fill,
May quit poor Old England whenever he will;
But nothing ſhall tempt me to croſs the ſalt main,
For change I'm too ſteady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
Where my thoughts I can ſpeak, where by birth-right
I'm free;
Whatever I wiſh for now comes at my call,
I can ſport in the fields, or can roar in my hall;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is ſtill.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no exotics, ſo eaſy am I;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
With party and ſtate I ne'er trouble my head;
Contention I hate, and a bumper love moſt,
You'll pledge me I'm ſure, for Old England's my toaſt.

THE SAILOR'S ADVICE.

Sung by Mr. Darley,

In the Choice of Harlequin.

AS you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's ſoft hammocks to ſwing ev'ry night,
If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhou'd prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabins with love.
Fill your ſails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-maſt, be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt, like your tackle be tight;
Of the ſhoals of indiff'rence be ſure to keep clear,
And the quickſands of jealouſy never come near.
And the quickſands. &c.

If vapors and whims, like ſea ſickneſs prevail,
You muſt ſpread all your canvas, and catch the freſh gale;
But if ſquiſh blows the wind, and there comes a rough ſea,
Then lower your topſails, and ſcud under lee.
Then lower, &c.

If huſbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
Keep the reckoning yourſelves, give the helm to your wives;
For the evener we go, boys, the better we ſail,
And on ſhipboard the head is ſtill rul'd by the tail.
And on ſhipboard, &c.

Then liſten to your pilot, my boys, and be wiſe,
If my precepts you ſcorn and my maxims deſpiſe;
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
And a hundred, &c.

AMO AMAS.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprize.

AMO, amas,
I love a lafs,
As a cedar tall and flender:
Sweet cowflip's grace
Is her nom'tive cafe,
And fhe's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum, corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum fcarum!
Divo!—
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo!

Can I decline
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis;*
Her *oculus* bright,
Her *manus* white,
And foft, when I *tacto*, her pulfe is.
Rorum, corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella,*
My *puella!*
I'll kifs *fecula feculorum:*
If I've luck, fir,
She's my *uxor,*
O *dies benedictorum!*
Rorum, corum, &c.

Sung by Norah,

In the Poor Soldier.

THE meadows look chearful, the birds ſweetly ſing,
So gaily they carol the praiſes of ſpring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah ſhall mourn
Until her dear Patrick again ſhall return.

You laſſes of Dublin, O hide your gay charms!
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms.
Tho' ſattins, and ribands, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feelings as mine.

Sung in Love A-la-Mode.

YOU never did hear
Of an Iriſhman's Fear,
In love or in battle, in love or in battle.
We're always on duty,
And ready for beauty,
Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle.

By day and by night
We love and we fight;
We're honour's defenders, we're honour's defenders
The foe and the fair,
We always take care
To make them ſurrender, to make them ſurrender.

Sung in the Caſtle of Andaluſia.

DAME Nature in forming a creature ſo fair,
Each beauty ſelected, then cull'd the moſt rare;
Two bright conſtellations ſhe caught for her eyes.
A ſtation ſo bleſt, can they with for their ſkies?
The gale lends its ſweets, as from Paphos it blows,
The ſnow-drop its whiteneſs, its bluſhes the roſe,
Bright Venus, her hair, as from ocean ſhe ſprung,
Sage Pallas, the accents that fell from her tongue;
Tho' Nature, in forming this creature ſo fair,
Each beauty ſelected, and cull'd the moſt rare;
Yet Fortune, her ſtep-dame ſevere and unkind,
Is unjuſt to her worth, to her beauty is blind.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the Duenna.

COULD I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial reaſon
The tyrant love diſarm:
But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love ſtill ſuggeſts her beauty,
And ſees, while reaſon's blind.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

THE virgin lily of the night,
Aurora finds in tears;
But ſoon in coat of native white
Her fragrant head ſhe rears.
No longer droops, diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
But freſh and blythe as May,
She riſes to perfume the morn,
And ſmiles upon the day.

The limpid ſtreams of noble ſource,
That miles in darkneſs flow,
Emerging in their devious courſe
Tranſlucent beauties ſhow.
O'er golden ſands they gently glide,
Unruffled with the gale,
Reflecting heaven with ſplendid pride,
As rolling thro' the vale.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

THE tuneful lark, as ſoaring high
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted ſky,
And mounting, ſweetly ſings.

Ambition ſwells its little breaſt,
Suſpended high in air;
But gently dropping to the neſt,
Finds real pleaſure there.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the Duenna.

I NE'ER could any luſtre ſee
In eyes that would not look on me :
I ne'er ſaw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to ſip.

Has the maid who ſeeks my heart
Cheeks of roſe, untouch'd by art ?—
I will own the colour true,
When yielding bluſhes aid their hue.

Is her hand ſo ſoft and pure ?
I muſt preſs it to be ſure :
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful preſs again.

Muſt I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving boſom ſigh ?
I will do ſo—when I ſee
That heaving boſom ſigh for me.

Sung in the Caſtle of Andaluſia.

AH, ſolitude ! take my diſtreſs,
For my griefs I'll unboſom to thee ;
Each ſigh thou canſt gently repreſs,
And thy ſilence is muſic to me.

Yet peace from my ſonnet may ſpring,
For ſweet peace, let me fly the gay throng ;
To ſoften my ſorrows I ſing,
Yet ſorrow's the theme of my ſong.

THE HAPPY SOLDIER.

Sung by Patrick, in the Poor Soldier.

HOW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day;
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money and cloaths,
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

THE FAREWEL.

FAREWEL ye groves and chrystal fountains,
The gladsome plains and silent dell;
Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,
And welcome now a lonely cell!
And oh, farewel! fond youth so dear!
Thy tender plaint, thy vow sincere,
We'll meet and share the parting tear,
And take a long and last farewel.

SUCH BEAUTIES.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

SUCH beauties in view, I
Can never praiſe too high ;
Not Pallas's blue eye
Is brighter than thine.
Not fount of Suſannah,
Nor gold of fair Dana,
Nor moon of Diana,
So clearly can ſhine !
Not beard of Silenus,
Nor treſſes of Venus,
I ſwear by Quæ Genus !
With yours can compare.
Not Hermes' Caduces,
Nor flower-de-luces,
Nor all the Nine Muſes,
To me is ſo fair.

CHORUS.

What poſies and roſes,
To noſes diſcloſes
Your breath all ſo ſweet !
To the tip of your lip,
As they trip, the bees dip,
Honey ſip, like choice ſip,
And their hybla forget.

When girls like you paſs us,
I ſaddle Pegaſſus,
And ride up Parnaſſus,
To Helicon's ſtream:
Even that is a puddle,
Where others may muddle;
My noſe let me fuddle
In bowls of your cream.
Old Jove, the great Hector,
May tipple his Nector,
Of Gods the director,
And thunder above.
I'd quaff off a full can,
As Bacchus or Vulcan,
Or Jove the old bull can,
To her that I love.

CHORUS—What poſies, &c.

COLIN.

A PASTORAL. BY MR. HAWKINS.

GIVE ear, O ye ſwains, to my lay,
Since Colin, alas! is no more;
I languiſh and pine all the day,
In ſorrow my loſs to deplore.
For he was ſo gentle a ſwain,
His manners were ever admir'd;
So ſweet was his paſtoral ſtrain,
So artleſs it ever endear'd.

Ye warblers that bill on each ſpray,
Be penſive, be huſh'd and forlorn ;
Ye lambkins that wantonly ſtray,
O bleat for your ſhepherd that's gone !
So tender and loving was he,
So faithful and firm to his truſt ;
With mildneſs he liv'd, and with glee,
A picture of all that was juſt.

His aſpect was meek and ſerene,
Tranquility dwelt in his air ;
No mortal like him e'er was ſeen,
No mortal with him could compare :
For he was ſo gentle and kind,
That birds cluſter'd round in a throng,
And all in full harmony join'd,
To echo his elegant ſong.

But Colin from us is far borne,
No longer he ſings thro' the grove ;
No longer beneath the gay thorn
He pours out his ſonnets of love.
Then farewel, O favourite bard !
Adieu ! my dear Colin, adieu !
Thy worth I ſhall ever regard,
To thy fame I will ever be true.

DUETTO.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

PATRICK.

A ROSE-tree full in bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to ſee ;
One roſe beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

NORAH.

How fine this morning early,
All ſun-ſhiny, clear and bright !
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
Sunny beams no more are ſeen ;
Farewel, ye fleeting hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene.

DUET. How fine, *&c.*

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

HAPPY, harmleſs, rural pair,
Void of jealouſy or care;
Emblems of the bleſs'd above,
Sharing pure ſeraphic love!

By the brook beneath the ſhade
Of the lofty poplar laid,
Chearful ſtrains awake the grove,
Dulcet notes of peace and love!

Say ye proud, ye rich and great,
Circl'd round with noiſe and ſtate;
Real pleaſures can ye prove?
No, 'tis found in rural love.

Sung in the Duenna.

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reaſon;
But, if beauty diſapprove,
Heav'n abſolves all other treaſon,
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I ſwore,
As a civil oath I view:
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I falſe muſt be;
Can I doubt which to prefer——
Breach of ſocial faith with thee,
Or ſacrilege to love and her.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

IN choice of a husband us widows are nice,
I'd not have a man would grow old in a thrice;
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown or a fop,
But one that could bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'll avoid—when I'm chusing a lad,
And a stork—that would gobble up all that I had:
Such suitors I've had, sir——but off they might hop,
I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
So handsome, so young, so polite and so kind!
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop,
He's the man that can bustle and stir in my shop.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the Duenna.

THO' the cause of suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love too are strong:—
I'm a wretch if right in my fears,
And unworthy her smiles if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know!

When blest with the smiles of the fair,
I know not how much I adore;
These smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I prize them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow!

BRAVE BOYS, LET US GO.

Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.

BRAVE boys, let us go, ſince again we are free,
Let's haſte to the empire of freedom, the ſea,
Where each proud uſurper we'll boldly dethrone,
And tell 'em that kingdom was always our own.
We owe the French ſomething, for tricks t'other day,
The debt of a drubbing, which gladly we'll pay:
Their bravadoes we ſcorn, and their threats we deſpiſe,
We yield but to conquer, and ſink but to riſe.
With Parker and Rodney, we'll trim the Monſieurs,
We'll tickle the Spaniards, and wing the Mynheers.

One WILLIAM preſerv'd our religion and laws,
ANOTHER now riſes to plead our great cauſe;
This brave gallant youth, is a true Briton born,
His King he'll defend, and his country adorn.
Each hardſhip, each danger he'll boldly defy,
For Digby ſhall teach him to conquer or die.
Tho' the waves have been rough, and the wind in our teeth,
We ſmile at misfortune, wounds, ſhipwreck and death;
And ſtill hope, my dear boys, that by ſhifting our ſail,
At laſt we may meet with a proſperous gale.

Sung by Father Luke, in the Poor Soldier.

YOU know I'm your prieſt, and your conſcience is mine:
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good ſign,
So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, your ſettled for life.
Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publiſhed, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as ſnow;
So modeſt her attire, and ſo ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing, *&c.*

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers obey.
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I ſhut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, *&c.*
That ſnug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and bride;
The pipers before us march ſide by ſide.
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, myſelf I ſay grace.
Sing, *&c.*
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the ſtocking is thrown;
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;
'Tis then my good boy I believe you at home,
And hey for a chriſt'ning at nine months to come.
Sing, *&c.*
A good merry chriſt'ning for me.

THE CONSULTATION.

IN fabulous pages, where grave tutors train us,
The falt-water lov'reign is call'd Oceanus;
His ſpouſe was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
Of this ſea-girt iſland, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were nurſes; old Trident declar'd,
To embelliſh his offspring no pains ſhou'd be ſpar'd:
By flying-fiſh drawn, to Olympus he drove,
And petition'd the gods, that his ſuit they'd approve.

I'll make it, quoth Jupiter, king of the ſea;
Avaſt! reply'd Neptune, Pray leave that to me;
I'll guard it with ſhoals, and I'll make their lads ſeamen;
Strong Hercules holla'd---I'll make 'em all Freemen,

And what will you make? Venus whiſper'd to Mars;---
I'll make them all ſoldiers, that Nep. dont make tars.
Momus ſmil'd; as that droll always merrily means,
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em marines.

Quoth Saturn, Much time I'll allow'em for thinking;
Buck Bacchus reply'd, No, allow it for drinking:
But Mercury anſwer'd, A fig for your wine,
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes, you're bit;
'Gainſt gaming I'll ſend 'em an antidote,----Wit:
In England, laugh'd Momus, wit no one regards,
Save that ſort of wit that's in---playing your cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions,
I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and ſend 'em phyſicians.

'Mong fiddlers, quoth Momus, true harmony's ſcarce;
And as to your doctorſhip,—phyſic's a farce.

Says Venus, I'll people this iſland with beauties,
And tempt married men to be true to their duties.—
You to married-men's duty a friend! bawl'd out Juno,
You're a ſtrumpet, you ſlut, and that I know and you know.

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale ſhe began,—
I'll ſpoil your Olympical gift-given plan:
Herſelf not conſulted, ſhe vow'd ſhe wou'd wrong us,
Blew a ſcold from her mouth, and ſent party among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoiſe Juno's raſh action,
Commanded Silenus to ſeize upon Faction;
Swift flitted the fiend, tho' old toper outſped,
Whilſt Semele's ſon ſent a flaſk at his head.

The imp, by the blow, ſpeechleſs fell to the ground,
May wine thus for ever foul faction confound:
Unanimity! that, that's the toaſt of our hearts,
Tho' no party-men here, here's to all men of parts.

Sung in Midas.

LOVELY nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh,
At your feet a tender ſwain;
Prays you will not let him languiſh,
One kind look would eaſe his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts you,
You, he not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, of ſports,
You ſcarce will meet his like again.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Duenna.

IF a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life;
No peace you shall know—tho' you've buried your wife,
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her,
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Sighing and whining!
Dying and pining!
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers they perpetually vex us;
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her,
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Wrangling and jangling!
Flouting and pouting!
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

SOME love great bowls to quaff,
Some like a dog and gun;
I love a hearty laugh,
Give me a bit of fun.

I lik'd a maiden's charms,
And after her did run;
I took her in my arms,
Says I—we'll have some fun.

With laugh, and joke, and play,
At length her heart I won;
To church we went so gay,
And then we had some fun.

Sung by Mr. Edwin,

In the Agreeable Surprise.

OF all the pretty flowers,
A Cowſlip's my delight:
With that I'd paſs my hours,
Both morning, noon and night.
To be ſure I would, *&c.*

This Cowſlip ſmell'd ſo ſweetly,
And look'd ſo freſh and gay,
Says I, Your dreſs'd ſo neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be ſure we will, *&c.*

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the ſhelf,
I kiſs'd the pretty fairy,
And then laid down myſelf.
To be ſure I did, *&c.*

This flower one morning early
Upon a bed did reſt;
I lov'd to pull it dearly,
And ſtick it in my breaſt.
To be ſure I cou'd, *&c.*

THE HAPPY MILLER.

Sung in the Miller of Mansfield.

HOW happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be leſs!
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better then ſervilely cringing at court.
Which is, &c.

What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
The palm more polite may as dirtily deal:—
Gold, in handling, will ſtick to the fingers like meal.

What, then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other men's ſacks;
In this ſort of right noble example he brags,
Who borrows as freely from other men's bags.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then riſes up cheerful, to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna.

GIVE Enoch the nymph whom no beauty can boaſt,
But health and good-humour to make her his toaſt;
If ſtraight, I don't mind whether ſlender or fat;
Or ſix feet, or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

What'er complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown it is laſting—more pleaſant if fair,
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples ſhould ſee,
Let her ſmile——and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddeſt that ever were ſeen,
And her eyes——be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, tho' ſo various in luſtre and hue.
I ſwear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd diſpenſe with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own—are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only deſire——that ſhe may'nt have a beard.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HE comes, he comes the hero comes!
Sound, ſound the trumpet, beat, beat the drum;
From port to port let cannons roar;
He's welcome to the Britiſh ſhore.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare:
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air:
From pole to pole your joys reſound,
For virtue's his with glory crown'd.

Sung by Mr. Brett, in the Duenna

HAD I a heart for falſehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For, tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſions reſt,
And act a brother's part.

Then lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

Sung in Cymon.

IF ſhe whiſpers the judge, be he ever ſo wiſe,
Tho' great and important his truſt is;
His hand is unſteady, a pair of black eyes
Will kick up the balance of juſtice.

If his paſſions are ſtrong, his judgment grows weak,
For love through his veins will be creeping;
And his worſhip when near to a round dimple cheek
Though he ought to be blind will be peeping.

CHARMING SALLY.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I ſtrove in vain
My wild deſires to rally;
But now they're of themſelves come home,
And, ſtrange! no longer ſeek to roam;
They centre all in Sally.

Yet ſhe, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy;—
Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes I ſwear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
Or lamps tranſmit the ſun's bright blaze?
O! no—then ſay, how ſhall I
In words be able to expreſs
My love? —it burns to ſuch exceſs.
I almoſt die for Sally.

Come, then—O come, thou ſweeter far
Than jeſſamin and roſes are,
Or lilies of the valley!
O follow love, and quit your fear:
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make me bleſt in Sally.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

AH! why take back the vows you gave,
Or wiſh to part with mine?
My heart is ſtill your willing ſlave,
Tho' your's I muſt reſign.

A bird whoſe vows did firſt engage.
Tho' anxious to remain,
Enamour'd of its golden cage,
You'd now let looſe again.

You lull'd me in a dream of love,
A gay illuſive ſhew.
And when the ſubſtance I would prove,
You wake me into woe.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

MY Laura, wilt thou truſt the ſeas;
For poor Eugene quit home and eaſe,
And certain peril prove!
Then conſtancy
Our pilot be,
As all our freight is love!

Tho' Boreas wears an angry form,
And threat'ning clouds portend a ſtorm,
No chearing ſtar above.
Let conſtancy, *&c.*
Our bark ſhall bravely ſtem the tide,
'Till ſkies clear up and ſtorms ſubſide,
And peace returns her dove;
If conſtancy, *&c.*

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Duenna.

O the days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

Truth, they ſay, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could ſee—
Let the water-drinkers tell,
—There it always lay for me!

For when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſhood's maſk:
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
—In the bottom of each flaſk.
O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey:

Yet old Jerome thou may'ſt boaſt,
While the ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's froſt
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprize.

A KISS, my girl! your hand my boy!
There now each anxious trouble ends.
Yet be it ſtill my greateſt joy
With bleſſings to ſurpriſe my friends.

CHORUS.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night;
What bleſſing in good-humour lies!
And proſpects yield more ſweet delight,
By an Agreeable Surpriſe.

In pureſt robes of radiant light,
Diana, Ceres, Hymen, come!
You've bleſs'd the day, ſo crown the night,
Our birth day, wedding, harveſt home!
Each jovial heart, &c.

Great Ruſtifuſty now no more,
Nor Ruſſian princeſs here incog!
But widow Cheſhire as before,
And for a huſband ſtill a-gog.
Each jovial heart, &c.

Uncertain yet our poet's fate,
'Tis your award muſt be his doom!
Applaud! with joy he'll celebrate
Our birth-day, wedding, harveſt home!

For omne bene he applies,
He's dead-alive in critic's paw;
Forgive th' Agreeable Surpriſe,
And ſpare him for his Son-in-Law.
CHORUS.—Each jovial heart, &c.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row, four and twenty fiddlers all on a row. There was fiddle faddle fiddle and my double damme ſemi quibble down below. It is my lady's holiday, therefore let us be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all on a row. There was hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub. Fiddle faddle, *&c.*

Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row. There was tantara rara, tantara rera. Hey rub a dub, *&c.*

Four and twenty coblers all on a row. There was ſtab awl and cobler, and cobler and ſtab awl. Tantara rera, *&c.*

Four and twenty fencing maſters all on a row. There was puſh carte and tierce down at heel cut him acroſs. Stab awl and cobler, *&c.*

Four and twenty captains all on a row. There was Oh! d---n me, kick him down ſtairs. Puſh carte and tierce, *&c.*

Four and twenty parſons all on a row. There was Lord have mercy upon us. O! d---n me kick him down ſtairs, *&c.*

Four and twenty taylors all on a row; one caught a louſe, another let it looſe, and a third cried, Knock him down with the gooſe. Lord have mercy upon us, *&c.*

Four and twenty barbers all on a row. There was bag wigs, ſhort bobs, toupees, long queus, ſhave for a penny, O! d---n'd hard times, two ruffles and ne'er a ſhirt. One caught a louſe, *&c.*

Four and twenty quakers all on a row, There was Abraham begat Iſaac, and Iſaac begat Jacob, and Jacob, peopled the twelve tribes of Iſrael, With bag wigs, ſhort bobs, toupees, long queus, ſhave for a penny, Oh! d---n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a ſhirt. One caught a louſe another let it looſe, and a third cried, Knock him down with the gooſe. Lord have mercy upon us. Oh! d---n me kick him down ſtairs. Puſh carte and tierce, down at heel cut him acroſs. Stab awl and cobler, and cobler ſtab awl. Tantara rera, tantara rara, Hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub. Fiddle faddle fiddle, and my double damme ſemi quibble down below. It is my lady's holiday, therefore let us be merry.

Sung in the Capricious Lovers.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly
O'er fields o'er gardens ranging,
Sips ſweets from each, and flu'ters by,
And all his life his changing.

Thus roving man new objects ſway,
By various charms delighted;
While ſhe who pleaſes moſt to-day,
To-morrow ſhall be ſlighted.

MAD TOM.

FORTH, from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the dark abyss of hell,
Mad Tom is come, to view the world again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul!
Hark! how the angry furies howl:
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
To find my straggling senses;
In angry mood I met old Time,
With his pentateuch of tenses.

When me he 'spies, away he flies,
For time will stay for no man;
In vain with cries I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I be;
Help! help! or else I die.
Hark; I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whistle.
Chaste Diana bends her bow,
And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
And knock off my troublesome shackle,
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my senses again.

Laſt night I heard the dog ſtar bark;
Mars met Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
And furiouſly made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about;
Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
His broad horns did ſo hang in his light,
That he could not ſee to aim his blows right.

Mercury, the nimble poſt of heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the quarrel;
Barrel-bellied Bacchus, giant like,
Beſtrid a ſtrong beer barrel;
To me he drank whole butts,
Until he burſt his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor Tom is very dry;
A little drink for charity.

Hark! I hear acteon's hounds,
The huntſman's whoop and hallo;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chace do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot;
But a cup of Malaga ſack
Will fire the buſh at his back.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Duenna.

WHEN the maid whom we love
No intreaties can move,
Who'd lead a life of pining?
If her charms will excuſe
The fond raſhneſs you uſe,
—Away with idle whining!

Ne'er ſtand like a fool,
With looks ſheepiſh and cool;
—Such baſhful love is teazing:
But with ſpirit and addreſs,
And you're ſure of ſucceſs;
For honeſt warmth is pleaſing.

Nay, tho' wedlock's in view,
Like a rake if you'll woo,
Girls ſooner quit their coldneſs:
They know beauty inſpires,
Leſs reſpect than deſires——
Hence love is prov'd by boldneſs——

Sung in the Duenna.

ADIEU, thou dreary pile! where never dies
The ſullen echo of repentant ſighs!
Ye ſiſter mourners of each lonely cell,
Inur'd by hymns and ſorrows, fare-you-well!
For happier ſcenes, I fly this darkſome grove,
——To ſaints a priſon, but a tomb of love!

Sung by Mrs. Webb, in the Duenna.

WHEN a tender maid
Is firſt eſſay'd
By ſome admiring ſwain,
How her bluſhes riſe,
If ſhe meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!

If he takes her hand—ſhe trembles quite!
Touch her lips—and ſhe ſwoons outright.
While a pit-a-pat, *&c.*
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer ſigns of fear:
The youth ſhe boldly views:
If her hand he graſp,
Or her boſom claſp,
No mantling bluſh enſues!

Then to church well pleaſed the lovers move,
While her ſmiles her contentment prove:
And a pit-a-pat, *&c.*
Her heart avows her love!

BALINAMONE ORA.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your name, when I'm ſilent, runs ſtill in my ſong.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Balinamone Ora, a kiſs of your ſweet lips for me.

Since the firſt time I ſaw you I took no repoſe;
I ſleep all the day to forget half my woes:
So hot is the flame in my boſom which glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, *&c.*
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conſcience I fear I ſhall die in my grave,
Unleſs you comply, and poor Phelim will ſhave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your ſlave.

Sing Balinamone Oro, *&c.*
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a ſwinging long ſword how I'll ſtrut and I'll ſtride,
In a coach and ſix horſes with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your ſide.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fiſt for me.

Sung by Mr. Brett, in the Duenna.

AH, ſure a pair was never ſeen,
So juſtly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth, excelling ſo in mien,
The maid in every grace and feature!
O, how happy are ſuch lovers,
When kindred beauties each diſcovers;
For ſurely ſhe
Was made for thee,
And thou to bleſs this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the taſk of duty;
The boys with all their father's ſenſe,
The girls with all their mother's beauty;
O, how happy to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit!
Thus, while you live,
May Fortune give—
Each bleſſing—equal to your merit!

Sung in the Duenna.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
Will end a conteſt quicker,
Than juſtice, judge or vicar;
So fill a chearful glaſs,
And let good humour paſs.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why ſooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

WIT, WOMEN, AND WINE.

WHEN Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth,
He ſubpœned the virtues divine;
Young Bacchus he fat præcedentum of mirth,
And the toaſt was, Wit, women, and wine.

The ſentiment tickled the ear of each god;
Apollo he wink'd to the nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a ſly wanton nod,
When ſhe drank to wit, women and wine.

Old Jove ſhook his ſides, and the cup paſt around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine;
Theſe bleſſings, ſays he, ſhall on earth now abound,
And the toaſt is, Wit, women, and wine.

Theſe are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals are giv'n,
Says Momus: Who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If men have wit, women and wine?

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to ſeven;
Such attractions no pow'r can decline:
Old Jove, by yourſelf, you'll ſoon keep houſe in heav'n,
For we follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, ſays old Jove, let us hence to the earth,
Men and gods think variety fine;
Who'd ſtay in the clouds, when good-nature and mirth
Are below, with wit, women, and wine?

HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMIL'D ON ME.

OH! had my love ne'er ſmil'd on me,
I ne'er had known ſuch anguiſh;
But, think how falſe, how cruel ſhe,
To bid me ceaſe to languiſh.

To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half periſh'd;
And then, with cold and fix'd diſdain,
To kill the hope ſhe cheriſh'd!

Not worſe his fate—who, on a wreck
That drove as winds did blow it——
Silent had left the ſhatter'd deck
To find a grave below it:

Then land was cried—no more reſign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it,
——Not worſe his fate—his woe to find
The wreck muſt ſink e'er near it.

Sung in the Duenna.

WHAT bard, O Time, diſcover,
With wings firſt made thee move!
Ah! ſure he was ſome lover
Who ne'er had left his love!

For who that once did prove
The pangs which abſence bring,
Tho' but one day;
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?
What bard, *&c.*

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

Sung by Mr. Wilſon, in the Wedding Night.

WHEN up to London firſt I came,
An aukward country booby,
I gap'd and ſtar'd, and did the ſame
As ev'ry country looby.
With countenance demurely ſet,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,
With " zur your humble ſervant. "

Alas! too ſoon I got a wife,
And proud of ſuch a bleſſing,
The joy and buſ'neſs of my life
Was kiſſing and careſſing.
'Twas " Charmer, ſweeting, duck and dove!
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
Was cupid's humble ſervant.

But when the honey-moon was paſt,
Adieu to tender ſpeeches!
Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and loſt too faſt;
I ſwore I'd wear the breeches.
I ſtrove in vain; reſtraint ſhe hates:
" Adieu! ſhe cries, the chariot waits;
" My dear, your humble ſervant."

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,
With friends and bottle ſmiling,
Not envious of a higher lot,
The tedious hours beguiling.

If care peeps in, I'm busy then;
I nod, desire he'll call again,
And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
'Tis best employed in laughing;
And come what frowning cares there may,
My antidote is quaffing.
I'm ever jovial, gay and free,
For this is my philosophy;
And so your humble servant.

SWEET PASSION OF LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow;
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow;
Elysium to him but a desert will prove:
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blythsome sweet May;
Love dresses the cottage, and hugs thro' the grove;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the Duenna.

AH! cruel maid, how haſt thou chang'd
The temper of thy mind!
My heart, by thee, from mirth eſtrang'd,
Becomes like thee, unkind!

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was;
And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applauſe——

But now my weakneſs all abuſe,
Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, fortune, fame itſelf I'd loſe,
To gain one ſmile from thee!

Yet only thou ſhouldſt not deſpiſe
My folly or my woe;
If I am mad in other's eyes,
'Tis thou haſt made me ſo.

But days like theſe with doubting curſt,
I will not long endure:
Am I deſpis'd?——I know the worſt,
And alſo know my cure.

If falſe, her vows ſhe dare renounce,
She inſtant ends my pain:
For, oh! that heart muſt break at once,
——Which cannot heal again!

THE BEEF-STEAKS OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHILE others ſwell high in full bumpers divine,
Or ſervilely cringe for the alms of the nine,
Let beef ſtakes inſpire me, and flavour each line.

O the beef-ſteaks of old England!
And it's O the old Engliſh beef-ſteaks!

Tho' bards of roaſt-beef have oft ſung it is true,
Yet the ſubject remains ſtill eternally true;
Then why ſhould not beef-ſteaks receive honour due?

O the beef-ſteaks, &c.

Great Jupiter's ſelf (as 'tis fabled) the chief,
Ran off with Europa, and I O—in brief,
His highneſs could reliſh a rump-ſteak of beef.

O the beef-ſteaks, &c.

But leaving each tale which of falſehood partakes,
Let's ſing our own heroes, the friends of beef-ſteaks,
And cook up, my maſters, a ſong for their ſakes.

O the beef-ſteaks, &c.

There's Rodney and Hood, brave Curtis and Hughes,
Howe, Parker and Pigot, all Engliſh true-blues,
Cry, Beef-ſteaks for ever, but d—n your French kews!

O the beef-ſteaks, &c.

In defence of Old Gib, againſt forces combin'd,
A land-mark of glory unequall'd you'll find,
The gallant old Elliot, that Mars of mankind.

O the beef-ſteaks, &c.

For while he was broiling among his brave ranks
A pack of flesh-cooks wou'd be playing their pranks,
But his piping-hot balls sore pepper'd their flanks.
O the beef-steaks, &c.

All the fat in the fire, and the Dons in a fright,
Now their stomachs are turn'd, without courage to fight,
Since Elliot's hot cockles have sicken'd 'em quite.
O the beef-steaks, &c.

While Britons are free, and beef-steaks are their cheer,
King George their protector, what have they to fear
From the Dutch the proud Don, and soup-meagre Monsieur?
O the beef-steaks, &c.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again:
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil;
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

Sung in the Duenna.

HOW oft, Louiſa, haſt thou ſaid
(Nor wilt thou the fond boaſt diſown)
Thou wouldſt not loſe Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne!

And by thoſe lips that ſpoke ſo kind!
And by this hand I preſs'd to mine!
—To gain a ſubject nation's love,
I ſwear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my ſoul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou ſhalt be queen,
And ſerving thee—a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliſs,
And rich in love's exhauſtleſs mine——
Do thou ſnatch treaſures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

Sung in the Duenna.

THIS bottle's the ſun of our table,
His beams are roſy wine,
We——planets who are not able,
Without this help, to ſhine.

Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll ſoon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And ſhine as he goes round!

THE JOLLY JACK TAR.

A JOLLY Jack Tar, but a little while ſince,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
Fell foul of an alehouſe, and thought it a ſin,
To paſs without calling—reel'd roaringly in.
Derry down, &c.

He ſcarce had ſat down. when the landlord came by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted his eye;
By the main-maſt, a ſail, boys, he leapt from his place,
And graſping his cudgel, gave orders for chace.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
Reſolving ſoup-meagre and frogs to forget;
Convinc'd of their error, they order'd a feaſt,
To be dreſt and ſerv'd up in the true Engliſh taſte.

At the heels of the landlord, Jack nimbly appears,
And makes the room echo with three Britiſh cheers;
Then ſat himſelf down without any debate,
And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's plate.

No ſooner was Jack thus poſſeſs'd of a place,
Than thinking it needleſs to wait for the grace;
In ſpite of their whiſpers, the ſtout Engliſh thief,
Firſt grappl'd the pudding, then boarded the beef.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's ſurpriſe,
They ſhrunk up their ſhoulders and ſtar'd with their eyes,
From the one went a hah! from the other a hem!
They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at them.

One more bold than the reſt, by his brethren's advice,
Made a ſneaking attempt to come in for a ſlice,
But Jack cut his fingers and gave him a check,
Crying down with your arms, or I'll ſoon clear the deck.

At length to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,
Each ſeiz'd on his knife and prepar'd for a fight;
Of quarters, ſays Jack, I would have you not think,
So ſtrike, you ſoup-bibbers, ſtrike, ſtrike, or you ſink!

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
And ſneaking behind, ſeiz'd the arms of the tar:
I've got him, ſays he, but he ſcarce could ſay more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his head ſtood before.

Then frowning, Jack flouriſh'd his truſty oak ſtick,
And laid on his broadſides ſo faſt and ſo thick:—
He ſo well play'd his part in a minute, that four
Lay ſprawling along with their hoſt on the floor.

The reſt being diſmay'd at their countrymen's fate,
Each fearing Jack's ſtick would alight on his pate,
Soon yielded him victor and lord of the main,
With humble entreaty to bury their ſlain.

To which he conſented, but order'd that they
For the beef, and the pudding, and porter ſhould pay;
So ſaying, he ſtaggar'd away to his wench,
And he ſung as we'll all ſing, Down, down with the
French.

Derry down, &c.

Sung in the Duenna.

COME now for jeſt and ſmiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, ſo blyth and gay,
Till we baniſh care away;
Thus crown'd with dance and ſong,
The hours ſhall glide along
With a heart at eaſe—merry, merry glees
Can never fail to pleaſe.

Each bride with bluſhes glowing,
Our wine as roſy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, *&c.*
Then a health to ev'ry friend,
The night's repaſt ſhall end,
With a heart at eaſe, *&c.*

Nor while we are ſo joyous,
Shall anxious care annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, *&c.*
For gen'rous gueſts, like theſe,
Accept the wiſh to pleaſe.
So we'll laugh and play, all blyth and gay,
Your ſmiles drive care away.

AIRS

IN THE NEW OPERA OF

MARIAN.

Sung by Mrs. Billington

By the oſiers ſo daak,
As we ſat on the bank,
And look'd at the ſwell of the billow,
This baſket he wove
As a token of love;
Alas! 'Twas the branch of the willow!

Now ſad all the day
Thro' the meadows I ſtray,
And reſt flies at night from my pillow!
The garland I wore
From my ringlets I tore.
Alas! muſt I wear the green willow?

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone.

YE happy pairs, ſincere and kind,
'Tis here you taſte each joy refin'd;
Fair truth and love delight to dwell
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How dear ſweet Marian's artleſs ſighs!
Her's, the mild eloquence of eyes,
When conſtancy's all-chearing ray
Drives every jealous thought away.

Light as the fairy ſtep at morn,
Swift paſſing o'er the unbending corn;
All other pleaſures weakly move,
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
How bleſt the life which love endears?
When truth inform the glowing cheek,
O, love! thy tranſports who can ſpeak?

Sung by Mr. Blanchard.

WHEN little on the village green
We play'd, I learn'd to love her;
She seem'd to me some fairy queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple childish art
I try'd each day to move her;
The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast
I chose—an infant lover;
I stole the goldfinch from its nest
To give to Patty Clover.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

HOW blest our condition! how jocund our day!
Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
To lead the stray lamb to the fold!

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,
And guard her from noon's burning beam;
To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro' the grove
The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'er flows,
To wait while she rest on the stile;
To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, or rose,
To make her a posey the while.

HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bowden.

TO the chace, to the chace; on the brow of the hill
Let the hounds meet the ſweet-breathing morn:
Whilſt full to the welkin, their notes clear and ſhrill,
Join the ſound of the heart-chearing horn;
What muſick celeſtial! when urging the race,
Sweet echo repeats "To the chace, to the chace!"

Our pleaſure tranſports us how gay flies the hour!
Sweet health and quick ſpirits attend;
Not ſweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd ſmile of a friend.
See the ſtag juſt before us! he ſtarts at the cry:
He ſtops—his ſtrength fails—ſpeak my friends—muſt he die?

His innocent aſpect, whilſt ſtanding at bay,
His expreſſion of anguiſh and pain,
All plead for compaſſion—your looks ſeem to ſay
Let him bound o'er his foreſts again.
Quick releaſe him to dart o'er the neighbouring plain,
Let him live—let him bound o'er his foreſts again.

A HUNTING AND FOWLING SONG.

NOW Aurora is up, the ſweet goddeſs of day,
Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn,
Bid the ſhepherds and maids tune their tabors and play,
Bid the huntſman attend with his horn.
To flaviſh dull rules let the cit be confin'd,
Let him toil day and night too for wealth,
To hunting and fowling our lives are confin'd,
And our riches, my lads, is good health.

By yon rural copſe juſt opening to ſight,
View the young tender brood and prepare,
Let them firſt for the ſky, my good boys, wing their flight,
True ſportſmen delight to ſhoot fair.
When return'd from the chace let the bumpers go round,
Let us merrily revel and ſing;
In women and wine true harmony's found,
Fill your glaſſes and toaſt to the king.

ON PEACE.

O Peace the faireſt child of heav'n,
To whom the Sylvan reign was giv'n,
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,
With ev'ry ſofter ſcene of love;
Return, ſweet peace, to cheer the weeping ſwain,
Return with eaſe and pleaſure in thy train.

ADDITIONAL AIRS

INTRODUCED IN THE OPERA OF

INKLE *and* YARICO.

INKLE.

WHAT citadel ſo proud can ſay,
No force ſhall move, no foe moleſt?
Ev'n Prudence ſurly guard gives way,
When warmer paſſions ſtorm the breaſt;
Vainly I ſaid in calmer hour,
What ſhock can ſteady Caution know?
Alas! I felt not then the power
Of Gratitude and Yarico.

The hoary precept, cold and ſlow,
Awhile its influence may impart,
But Paſſion beaming, melts the ſnow,
Which Caution ſcatters on the heart.
Tho' long in frozen maxims arm'd,
At length I felt my boſom glow,
Diſſolv'd in tenderneſs, when warm'd
With Gratitude and Yarico.

INKLE.

SIMPLICITY! thou fav'rite child
Of heav'nly Nature, chaſte and mild,
Sweet guard of playful youth;
Thy nakedneſs is thy defence,
Thy ſilent geſture eloquence;
Thy eloquence is truth.

Ah, ſay then, who cou'd injure thee,
Nature's lov'd babe—Simplicity?
So ſweet, ſo chaſte, ſo mild;
The worſt of wretches who has not
Thy parent's traces long forgot,
Could never hurt its child.

ADDITIONAL VERSES IN THE FINALE.

WOWSKI.

WHILE all around rejoice,
Pipe and tabor raiſe the voice,
It can't be Wowſki's choice,
While Trudge's, to be dumb;
No, no, dey, blithe and gay,
Shall like Maſſe, Miſſy play,
Dance and ſing, hey ding ding,
Strike fiddle and beat drum.

CHORUS.

Come then dance and ſing,
While all Barbadoes' bells ſhall ring, &c.

INKLE.

Love's convert here behold,
Baniſh'd now by thirſt of gold,
Bleſt in theſe arms to fold
My gentle Yarico.
Hence all care, doubt and fear,
Love and joy each heart ſhall cheer,
Happy night, pure delight
Shall make our boſoms glow.
Come then dance, &c.

Sung by Mr. Suett.

I Sail'd in the good ſhip the Kitty,
With a ſtiff blowing gale and rough ſea,
Left Polly the lads call ſo pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea, yo yea, yo yea, yo yea, yo yea.

She blubber'd ſalt tears when we parted,
And cry'd, now be conſtant to me;
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up with the anchor, yo yea.

When the wind whiſtled larboard and ſtarboard,
And the ſtorm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her ſhou'd be harbour'd,
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.

And yet, my boys, wou'd you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from ſea;
My Polly wou'd never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

Sung by Miſs Thornton.

MY bonny ſailor's won my mind!
My heart is now with him at ſea;
I hope the ſummer's weſtern breeze
Will bring him ſafely back to me!
I wiſh to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone;
What forts he's ſtorm'd, how great the ſpoils
From France and Spain my ſailor's won.

A thouſand terrors chill'd my breaſt,
When fancy brought the foe in view;
And day and night I've had no reſt,
Leſt ev'ry gale a tempeſt blew.
Bring, gentle gales, my ſailor home!
His ſhip at anchor may I ſee!
Three years are ſure enough to roam;
Too long for one that loves like me

His face by ſultry climes is wan,
His eyes, by watching, ſhine leſs bright;
But ſtill I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in ſight.
His honeſt heart is what I prize;
No weather can make that look old;
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly ſailor bold,

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

MUST peace and pleaſure's melting ſtrain,
For ever in this circle reign,
Awhile the muſe with ardour glows,
To pay the debt that Britain owes.
O wave awhile your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

The ſoldier ſeeks a diſtant plain,
The ſailor ploughs the boiſterous main,
Their toil domeſtic eaſe ſecures
The labour theirs, the pleaſure yours:
Then change awhile your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domeſtic ſweets
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think on thoſe who guard the ſhore,
When unmoleſted ſprings your ſtore:
And change awhile your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye ſwains who haunt the ſhady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice:
Change, change awhile your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And brave abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

And ye who in this frolic train,
Inſpir'd with muſic's ſprightly ſtrain,
And while with pleaſure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd:
Amid your ſocial dear delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

THE MODES OF THE COURT.

THE modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend,
In ſorrowful ditty,
They promiſe, their pity;
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to ſleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fa's in ſhow'rs fra my e'e,
When my gude man lies ſound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he fought me for his bride,
But ſaving a crown he had naething beſide;
To make this crown a pound my Jamie gade to ſea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mither ſhe fell ſick, and the cow was ſtole awa,
My father brake his arm and my Jamie at the ſea,
And Auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father could na wirk, and my mither cou'd na ſpin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi tears in his e'e,
Said, Jenny, for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ſhip it was a wreck,
The ſhip it was a wreck, why did na Jamie die?
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither did na ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,

So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the ſea
And Auld Robin Grey is gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When ſitting ſae mournfully at the door,
I ſaw my Jamie's wraith, for I coud na think it he,
'Till he ſaid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we ſay,
We took but ae kiſs, and tore ourſelves away:
I wiſh I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me!

I gang like a ghaiſt, and care na to ſpin;
I daie na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a ſin;
But I'll do my beſt, a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall Gardens.

THE ſummer it was ſmiling, all nature round was gay,
When Jenny was attending on Auld Robin Grey;
For he was ſick at heart, and had nae friend beſide,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.

Ah! Jenny, I ſhall die, he cried, as ſure as I had birth
Then ſee my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the earth
And be a widow, for my ſake, a twelvemonth and a day,
And I will leave whate'ere belongs to Auld Robin Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I cou'd,
And ſhed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good;
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I ſigh'd,
Oh! wae is me! what ſhall I do! ſince poor Auld
Robin died.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's none like
me forlorn;
I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born,
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away,
My father's dead, my mither's dead, and eke Auld
Robin Grey.

I roſe up with the morning ſun, and ſpun till ſetting day
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for
Robin Grey;
I did the duty of a wife, both kind and conſtant too,
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan purſue:

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was loſt,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was croſt;
I tried to ſing, I tried to laugh, and paſs the time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive, ſince died Auld Robin
Grey.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd no
gueſs the cauſe.
But Rodney was the man, they ſaid, who gain'd ſo
much applauſe;
I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And ſhew'd a purſe of golden ore, and ſaid it is for thee.

Auld Robin Grey I find is dead, and ſtill your heart is true,
Then take me Jenny, to your arms, and I will be ſo too;
Meſs John ſhall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blith
and gay,
I bluſh'd, conſented, and replied, adieu to Robin Grey.

THE GHAIST OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

'TWAS in the dead of night, ſoon after Jenny wed,
And wi her faithful Jemmy was ſleeping in her bed,
A hollow voice ſhe heard, which call'd her to awake,
And liſten to the words would be utter'd for her ſake.

She ſtarted from her ſleep, her boſom beat with fear,
When the ghaiſt of Robin Grey before her did appear;
It wav'd its ſhadowy hand, and thus to her did ſay,
Ah! Jenny! liſt awhile to your Auld Robin Grey.

I did not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove,
Or interupt the joys you ſhare in conſtant Jemmy's love,
His honeſt heart deſerves whate'er he can receive,
Since he has fought ſo nobly and would not you deceive.

Still let his courage riſe, his country's foes to quell,
To you he ſafe ſhall come again the fates now bid me tell,
With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll diſplay,
If you will but believe the ghaiſt of Robin Grey.

And Jenny muſt ſubmit, your virtue is your guard,
For virtue has in ſtore for you, a high and rich reward,
The haughty Dons ſubdued with Holland and with France
Your Jemmy with freſh laurels crown'd will to your
wiſh advance:

Then let him haſte wi all his ſpeed to join the noble fleet
Tho' danger does appear in view, no harm ſhall Jem-
my meet,
But joyful ſhall return again upon a future day,
As you may ſure believe the ghaiſt of Robin Grey.

JAMIE'S COMPLAINT;

OR, THE SEQUEL OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

SINCE Jenny ſhe has married with auld Robin Grey,
Alas! I dinna care how my time gangs away;
Tho' hard were my misfortunes when I was wreck'd at ſea
Yet ſoon had I forgot them had Jenny ſtaid for me.

'Twas all for Jenny's ſake that I fail'd on the main,
In hopes of getting richer her gaily to maintain;
But fatal was the hour I ever went to ſea,
Since Jenny's love is loſt and ſhe did na for me ſtay.

If parents were poor and could na work or ſpin,
Yet Auld Robin Grey had na right for her to win;
If charity he did from out his golden ſtore,
The deed it might reward him he ſhou'd na aſk na more.

Sure gold it is a curſed thing, of love it is the bane,
Yet wea is me I cry to think that I had nane;
Yet women's love is fickle, as cantie as the wind,
My Jenny ſhe has prov'd it ſo, alas! too true I find.

What made the old carl take ſic a lovely maid,
The winter of his age is not fitting for her bed;
Like ſtane he lies beſide her and ſnores the night awa,
Had ſhe but ſtaid for Jamie it had na been ſa.

Her breaſts were like two lilies, her cheeks were like the
roſe,
Andher breath it was as ſweet as the zephyr when it blows,

Her eyes they were like ſtars in a froſty night ſo fine,
Yet wae is Jamie's heart ſhe never can be mine.

True love belongs to man, for women they have none,
Or Auld Robin Grey could ne'er have Jenny won;
It was his gold that charm'd while I was gone to ſea,
Yet ſure ſhe can't be happy for thus deceiving me.

Adieu then my falſe Jenny, ſince wars now call to arms,
I'll fail upon the ocean and quite forget thy charms;
I'll fight againſt the foe, no matter death or life,
Since Auld Robin Grey has got Jenny for a wife.

Yet ſhould I return the news it may be ſpread,
That Jenny ſhe is free again and Auld Robin dead;
I'll wait what fate ordains and never more repine,
But yet will live in hopes that Jenny may be mine.

LIFE'S LIKE A SEA, IN CONSTANT MOTION.

LIFE's like a ſea, in conſtant motion,
Sometimes high and ſometimes low;
Where every one muſt brave the ocean,
Whatſoever winds do blow.
Tho' a night by ſqualls or ſhowers,
Or driven by ſome gentle gales,
If dangers riſe be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

What, tho' the wayward winds would bluſter,
Let us not give way to fear;
But all our patience let us muſter,
And learn by reaſon how to ſteer:
Let judgment ever keep us ſteady,
For that's a balance ſeldom fails;
If dangers ariſe, be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

Truſt not too much your own opinion,
When the veſſel's under way;
Let good example be your dominion,
That will ſeldom lead aſtray.
But ſhould thunder o'er you ſhudder,
Or boreas o'er the ſurface rails,
Let good directions guide the rudder,
Whilſt providence conducts the ſails.

When you are ſafe from dangers riding
In ſome favourite port or bay,
Hope, be the anchor you confide in,
Care awhile, in ſlumbers lay;
Next, each a can of liquor flowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails;
Let every heart with rapture glowing,
Drink, "Succeſs unto the Sails!"

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

THIS is a Petit-maitre's day—
Awake at noon,
Or ſcarce ſo ſoon,
See him to his ſofa creep,
Sipping his tea—half aſleep—
Curſe the vapours!
Reach the papers—
What's the Opera?—Dem the Play.

Air my boots, I think I'll ride—
Tho' rot it, no!
It ſhakes one ſo—
Let them bring my vis-a-vis:
Lounging there, his lordſhip ſee,
With vacant air,
And ſullen ſtare,
Born of dulneſs, rais'd by pride!

Stop at Betty's—What's the news?
A battle they ſay—
Have you pines to-day?—
Yes, my lord—We've beat the Dutch,
Ha—ſome ice—I thought as much:
What, and nothing more?
That's a monſtrous bore!—
Well, drive to Iſſachar's, the Jew's.

Laſt at Broker's—deep at play;
Iſſachar's debt,
At Faro ſet,
Win or loſe, ſerenely ſad,
Calm he ſits, nor vex'd, nor glad;
'Tis half alive,
He cuts at five—
THIS is a Petit-maitre's day.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain firſt, at heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be ſlaves!

The nations (not ſo bleſt as thee)
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouſe, thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine:
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles thine.

The muſes ſtill, with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair:
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my ſweet Shakeſpeare! was planted by thee;
As a relic I kiſs it, and bow at thy ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine.

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee
Bleſs'd Mulberry;
Matchleſs was he
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal ſhalt be.

Ye trees of the foreſt ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Briton's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt:
Of the fir we make ſhips: there are thouſands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakeſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers:
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and the faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd birch
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;

But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
He gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakeſpeare is ſtill more divine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakeſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey:
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Sung in Selima and Azor.

NE'ER, ah ne'er let ſorrow's ſting,
Wound the peace of gentle truth;
Cruel as the blight of ſpring,
Is the grief that preys on youth.
Happy looks and pleaſant ſmiles,
Are the ſunſhine of the mind,
Sighs alone, for lovers wiles,
Are the ſighs with pleaſure join'd.

THE CHOICE OF THREE LOVERS.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

THE choice of three lovers I have to be ſure—
One is rich, one is handſome, and one's very poor;
This is old—this is young—the other half way;
One is wiſe, one is witty, and one is yea nay.

Love lives not with poverty, oft I've been told,
Nor can it with age, tho' ſurrounded with gold;
The handſome and witty are each fond of ſelf,
So I'll neither chuſe poverty, beauty, nor pelf.

But give me the man who is bleſt with good ſenſe,
The raptures of life are ſtill flowing from thence;
Tho' plain in his perſon, not rich, nor yet poor,
I'll give him my hand, ſtill to love and adore.

I'll dreſs me in ſmiles and good-humours each day,
Or grieve when he grieves, and be gay when he's gay,
With the fondeſt affection attend him thro' life,
And prove, by example, what is a good wife.

MARK'D YOU HER EYE.

MARK'D you her eye of heavenly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek of roſeate hue;
That eye in liqu'd circles moving,
That cheek abaſh'd at man's approving.
The one love's arrows darting round,
The other bluſhing at the wound.

PRAISE OF LOVE.

NEVER till now I knew love's fmart,
Guefs who it was that ſtole away my heart,
'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.
'Twas only you, *&c.*

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has paſs'd each anxious hour,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, *&c.*

Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy, tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me.
If not with you, *&c.*

When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone I'd wiſh to ſtay,
For you alone, if you'll believe me.
For you alone, *&c.*

Grave on my tomb, where'r I'm laid,
Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
That's only you, if you'll believe me.
That's only you, *&c.*

THE LARK'S SHRILL NOTE.

THE lark's ſhrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harveſt, free from ſpoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl ſucceeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrofial feaft,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus amongft them was fat as a gueft,
Homer fays the celeftials lov'd laughing.

On each in the fynod the humorift droll'd,
So none could his jokes difapprove;
He fung, reparteed, and fome fmart ftories told,
And at laft thus began upon Jove.

Sire! Atlas, who long has the univerfe bore,
Grows grievoufly tir'd of late;
He fays that mankind are much worfe than before,
So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.

Jove knowing the earth, on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his fhoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the world,
And fhe hung it up high in her hall.

Mifs pleas'd with the plaything, review'd the globe round,
To fee what each climate was worth;
Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmofphere bound,
And fhe variouſly planted the earth:

With filver, gold, jewels fhe India endow'd;
France and Spain fhe taught vineyards to rear;
What fuited each clime, on each clime fhe beftow'd,
And freedom fhe found flouriſh'd here.

Four cardinal virtues fhe left in this ifle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root:
The bloſſoms of liberty 'gan for to fmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit:

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty fo rare,
O preferve it as free as 'twas giv'n!
We will while we've breath; nay we'll graſp it in death,
Then return it untainted to heav'n.

NANCY OF THE DALE.

Sung by Mr. Webſter, in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's diſtreſs to prove,
All other ills ſhe can ſuſtain,
But living from her love:
Yet, deareſt, tho' your ſoldier's there,
Will not your ſpirit fail,
To mark the hardſhips you muſt ſhare,
Dear Nancy of the dale?
Dear Nancy, &c.

Or ſhould you, love, each danger ſcorn,
Ah! how ſhall I ſecure
Your health—'mid toils which you were born
To ſooth—but not endure:
A thouſand perils I muſt view,
A thouſand ills aſſail;
Nor muſt I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the dale.
Dear Nancy, &c.

VAIN IS BEAUTY'S GAUDY FLOWER.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
Pageant of an idle hour;
Born juſt to bloom and fade;
Nor leſs weak, leſs vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit;
The ſhadow of a ſhade.

JOVE IN HIS CHAIR.

JOVE in his chair, of the ſky lord may'r,
With his nods men and gods keep in awe,
When he winks, heaven ſhrinks,
When he ſpeaks, hell ſqueaks:
Earth's globe is but is taw.

Cock of the ſchool, he bears deſpotic rule,
His word, tho' abſurd, muſt be law;
Even Fate, tho' ſo great
Muſt not prate, his bald pate
Jove would cuff, he's ſo bluff, for a ſtraw.
Cow'd deities, like mice in cheeſe,
To ſtir muſt ceaſe, or gnaw.

Sung in the Padlock.

O WHEREFORE this terrible flurry?
My ſpirits are all in a hurry:
A bove and below,
From my top to my toe,
Are running about hurry ſcurry.

My heart in my boſom a bumping,
Goes thumping, and jumping, and bumping.
'Tis a ſpectre I ſee,
Hence, vaniſh! ah, me!
What a wretch am I deſtin'd to be!

Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon the lay,
In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk like lambs ye sport and play;
Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm Jigger Dubber here and you're welcome to Mill Doll
With my tow row &c.

At your insurance-office the Flats you've taken in;
The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're always sure to win:
First you touch the Shiners--the number up -you break,
With your insuring policy, I'd not insure your neck.

The French, with trotters nimble, will fly from English blows,
And tho' we've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly shews:
Be thus the foes of Briton bang'd away thump away Monsieur
The hemp you're bearing now, will make you solitair.

My peepers! who've we here now? why this is sure Black Moll;
My ma'm you're of the fair sex, so welcome to Mill Doll:
The cull with you who'd venture into a frowzing ken,
Like black-a-moor Othello, should put out the light, and then——

I think my flashy coachman, that you'll take better care,
Not for a little bub come the flang upon your fare:
You jazy pays the garnish unless the fees you tip,
Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger holds the whip.

CHORUS.

Ye Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're all upon the lay,
In Tothill-fields gay ſheep-walk like lambs we ſport and play;
Rattling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,
You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd for to mill doll. With our tow row, &c.

TAKE ME, TAKE ME, SOME OF YOU.

YOUNG I am and yet unſkill'd,
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep and how to gain,
When to love and when to feign.
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true.

Stay not 'till I learn the way,
How to fib and how betray;
Ere I can my thoughts diſguiſe,
Force a bluſh, or roll my eyes;
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true.

Cou'd I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth;
Of honeſt mind and noble mien,
I ſhou'd long to be ſixteen;
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true.

HE PIP'D SO SWEET.

WITH rural lads and laſſes gay,
Proclaim'd the birth of roſy May,
When round the may-pole on the green
The ruſtic dancers are all ſeen;
'Twas there young Jockey met my view,
His like before I never knew.

CHORUS—He pip'd ſo ſweet and danc'd ſo gay,
Alas! he danc'd my heart away;
He pip'd ſo ſweet, he danc'd ſo gay,
Alas! he ſtole my heart away.

At eve when ale and cakes went round,
He plac'd him next me on the ground;
With harmleſs mirth and pleaſing jeſt,
He ſhone more bright than all the reſt:
He talk'd of love, and preſs'd my hand,
Ah! who could ſuch a youth withſtand?
Well pleas'd I heard what he cou'd ſay,
Alas! he talk'd my heart away.
And he pip'd ſo ſweet, &c.

He often heav'd a tender ſigh,
While rapture ſparkled in each eye;
So winning was his face and air,
It might the coldeſt heart enſnare;
But when he aſk'd me for his bride,
I promis'd ſoon—and ſoon comply'd;
What nymph on earth cou'd ſay him nay?
His charms muſt ſteal all hearts away,
And he pip'd ſo ſweet, &c.

SUMMUM BONUM'S A BUMPER OF WINE.

GIVE me wine, roſy wine, that foe to deſpair,
Whoſe magical power can baniſh all care,
Of friendſhip, the parent, compoſer of ſtrife,
The ſoother of ſorrow and bleſſing of life;
The ſchools about happineſs, warmly diſpute,
And weary the ſenſe in the phantom purſuit;
In ſpite of all maxims I dare to define,
The grand ſummum bonum's a bumper of wine.
CHORUS—A bumper, &c.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,
And opens the lock of the miſerly heart;
While thus we caroufe it, the wheels of the ſoul,
O'er life's rugged high-way agreeably roll;
Each thinks of his charmer who never can cloy,
While fancy rides poſt to the region's of joy;
In ſpite of dull maxims I dare to define,
The grand ſummum bonum's a bumper of wine.
A bumper, &c.

'Tis the balſam ſpecific that heals ev'ry ſore,
The oftner we taſte it, we love it the more;
Then he who true happineſs ſeeks to attain,
With ſpirit the full-flowing bumper muſt drain;
And he who the court of fair Venus wou'd know,
Undaunted thro' Bacchus's vineyard muſt go:
In ſpite of dull maxims I dare to define,
The grand ſummum bonum's a bumper of wine.
A bumper, &c.

YOUNG ROGER THE PLOUGHMAN.

YOUNG Roger the ploughman who wanted a mate,
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
With nofegay fo large in his holiday cloaths,
(His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.

Now he was as baſhful as baſhful could be,
And Kitty, poor girl! was as baſhful as he:
So he bow'd and he ſcrap'd, and he let his hat fall,
Then he grin'd, ſcratch'd his head, and ſaid nothing at all.

If aukward the ſwain, no leſs aukward the maid;
She ſimper'd and bluſh'd, with her apron ſtring play'd,
'Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate ſhould be one.

In ſilence the young ones both nodded aſſent;
Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,
Where they anſwer'd the parſon with voices ſo ſmall,
You'd have ſworn that they both had ſaid nothing at all.

But mark what a change—in the courſe of a week,
Kate quite left off bluſhing—Roger boldly could ſpeak;
Could joke with his dearly, laugh loud at the jeſt;
She could coax too and fondle as well as the beſt;

And aſham'd of paſt folly they've often declar'd,
To encourage young folks who at courtſhip are ſcar'd,
If at firſt to your aid ſome aſſurance you'll call,
When once you are us'd to't, 'tis nothing at all.

Sung in the Conſtant Maid; or, Poll of Plymouth.

SOLDIRS ne'er ſhou'd ſtand complaining,
But the haughty fair diſdaining,
Whene'er they uncomplying prove,
In war may find a cure for love
When Bellona takes the field,
Love, and all her train muſt yield;
Rapture, vow, and am'rous ſigh,
Before her awful viſage fly.
Glory then the boſom fires,
And the ſoften'd ſoul inſpires;
As the mighty din of arms,
Ev'ry daring ſpirit warms.

Hark! how the flaſhing guns' loud thunder
Rends the trembling air aſunder;
Clouds of ſmoke to heav'n aſpire,
See! the elements on fire;
Thouſands gaſping on the ground,
Blood and carnage fill the mound:
Yet like a rock,
We ſtand the ſhock,
Amid the ſtrife,
Regard not life,
Though death and horror ſtalk around,

THE HONEY-MOON.

WOU'D you know, my good friends, what the
honey-moon is,
How long the duration, how perfect the bliss,
A proof may be found, and a sample be seen,
In some boarding-school couple just left Gretna-green.
My dearest, my duck,
My sweetest, my chuck;
Miss Kitty's an angel, her Billy's a god;
Whips crack, glasses jingle,
While sighs intermingle,
And Cupid assents, and goes niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

Papa's and mama's surly tempers once past,
Bright Bloomsbury-square has this couple at last!
In three week's possession, how pleasures will cloy!
Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.
So impatient to roam:——
Ma'am, you're never at home,
A path so vexatious no wife ever trod;
My torment, my curse;——
You are bad——You are worse.
While Cupid flies off, from a quarrel so odd,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
And miss is no angel, and Billy no god.

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes master,
To part from each other, ne'er couple went faster.
While raking at night, and distraction at noon,
Soon close all the joys of the sweet honey-moon.

Bleeding hearts, aching heads,
Sep'rate tables and beds,
Renders wedlock's fweet countenance dull as a clod,
Then hie for a fummons
From grave Doctors Commons,
While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

BOTHWELL BANKS.

O BOTHWELL banks, thou bloomeft fair,
But ah! thou mak'ft my heart defpair;
For all beneath thy holts fa green,
My love and I wad fit and fing.
Bothwell banks thou bloomeft fair,
But ah! thou mak'ft my heart defpair.
Well-a-day, well-a-day, woe is me!

He left me on a dreary day,
And fleeps beneath this fod of clay;
'Till death my tears his fate fhall mourn,
While thus with flow'rs his grave I crown.
O Bothwell banks, &c.

The trumpet call'd, my foldier flew,
The foes of Scotland to purfue;
He fought, he fell, by robbers flain,
When will my bofom burft wi pain.
O Bothwell banks, &c.

HOOT AWA, YE LOON.

WHEN weary Sol gang'd down the weſt,
And ſilver Cynthia roſe;
The flow'r enamell'd banks I preſt,
Where chryſtal Eden flows.
Young Jockey ſat him by my ſide,
I kenn'd his meaning ſoon;
He aſk'd a kiſs, I ſcornful cry'd,
Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.

Dear Peggy din ye flout a youth,
Or gi than boſom pain,
Which pants wi honour and wi truth
To take thee for its ain.
Then on his pipe he ſweetly play'd,
A mailt delightful tune;
But na mair words to him I ſaid,
Than, "Hoot awa, ye loon,"

He ſaid meſs John ſhou'd us unite,
If I to kirk wad gang;
My boſom beat wi new delight,
Wi him I went alang.
The bonny lad I found ſincere,
Not waining like the moon;
So dear I loo'd him, I na mair
Will, "Hoot awa, ye loon."

LET HIM TELL HIS MEANING.

AMONG the ſwains that trip the plains,
Young Johnny is moſt ſmart ;
He ſings ſo ſweet and looks ſo neat,
I fear he's won my heart.
Beneath a ſhade I once was laid,
And he was over leaning ;
He heav'd a ſigh, I can't tell why,
I wiſh I knew his meaning.

My tender lambs and bleating dams,
When o'er the lawn I trace !
With pleaſing air he ſtill is near,
And gazes on my face.
When horns and hounds awake the morn
He finds me then a gleaning ;
Then tells a tale which might prevail,
If once I knew his meaning.

If once inclin'd to tell his mind,
If wedlock is his plan ;
Then void of ſtrife I'd prove a wife
And do the beſt I can,
I ne'er will vex or him perplex,
Or wicked things be ſeen in ;
For he ſhall prove how much I love,
But let him tell his meaning.

Sung in the Conſtant Maid.

ONCE more I've furl'd the ſwelling ſail,
And ev'ry danger's paſt,
When thunders roll, and lightnings pale
Flaſh round the ſhiv'ring maſt;
Where ſeamen brave,
Both wind and wave,
And on the top-maſt's height,
Fly o'er the deep,
While landmen ſleep,
Throughout the chearleſs night,
A ſweet reward my toils now meet,
In ſuch a glorious prize,
While lovely conſtant Poll ſhall greet
A heart without diſguiſe.

For ſuch a prize who wou'd not dare
All hardſhips to engage,
The tempeſt's roar, or perils where
The war's loud tumults rage?
In joy and peace,
I'll live at eaſe
With thee, my charming bride;
Thro' life we'll ſail,
With proſp'rous gale,
O'er pleaſure's flowing tide.
And whilſt the chearing can goes round,
Of thee I'll make my boaſt:
Sweet "*Poll of Plymouth*," ſhall reſound,
For thou ſhalt be our toaſt.

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

THE Britiſh ſailor ploughs the ſeas,
Nor fears th' unfathom'd deep;
He ſcorns the landſmen's ſlothful eaſe,
And guards them while they ſleep:
Tho' ſtorms ariſe in dreadful ire,
And lightnings flaſh their vivid fire!
When foes invade, with eager heart and hand,
He braves the world, to ſave his native land.

The ſhip now riſes to the ſkies,
Now ſinks in depths below;
Yet ſtill intrepidly he flies
To meet the deſtin'd foe!
And while the cruel fight prevails,
With death and carnage he aſſails,
Nor heeds their fire: but at his chief's command,
Braves the whole world, to ſave his native land.

The chain-ſhot whiſtle to and fro;
A broadſide ſeals their fate!
Their hull is ſhatter'd, down they go!
And, "QUARTER!" cry too late:
Then as he ſees the briny flood
Crimſon'd all o'er with human blood;
His heart relents, ſwift to his boat he flies,
And braves the ſeas, to ſave his enemies.

Sung in the Farmer.

A FLAXEN-headed cow boy,
As ſimple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy,
I whiſtled o'er the lea:
But now a ſaucy footman,
I ſtrut in worſted lace,
And ſoon I'll be a butler,
And wag my jolly face.

When ſteward I'm promoted,
I'll ſnip a tradeſman's bill,
My maſter's coffers empty,
My pockets for to fill:
When lolling in my chariot,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whiſtled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,
But when I've made the pelf,
I'll ſtand poll for parliament,
And then vote in myſelf:
Whatever's good for me, ſir,
I never will oppoſe;
When all my AYES are ſold off,
Why, then I'll ſell my NOES.

I'll joke, harangue and paragraph,
With ſpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs,
Then I'll ſit down a peer.
In court or city honour
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whiſtl'd o'er the lea.

GOOD HUMOUR AND WIT.

ONE evening good humour took wit as his gueſt,
Reſolv'd to indulge in a ſenſible feaſt;
Their liquor was claret, and friendſhip their hoſt,
And mirth, ſong and ſentiment garniſh'd each toaſt.
Derry down, &c.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy their deſign,
For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit and wine,
Alarm'd! they all heard at the door a loud knock.
And the watchman hoarſe bellow'd, 'Twas paſt twelve o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the diſturbing dog found,
And up ſtairs they drag'd the impertinent hound;
When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd
To ſee 'twas the grey glutton TIME they had ſeiz'd.

His glaſs as his lanthorn, his ſcythe as his pole,
And his ſingle lock dangled a-down his ſmooth ſcull:
My friend, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis paſt twelve o'clock.

Says the venom'd tooth ſavage, on this advice fix,
Tho' nature ſtrikes twelve, folly ſtill points to ſix.
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hid him at once in a hogſhead of claret.

This is right, call'd out wit; while you're yet in your prime,
There's nothing like claret for killing of time:
Huzza! reply'd love, now no more can he knock,
Or impertinent tell us, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock.

Since time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
By this maxim we're ſure of our time when we drink:
With bumpers, my lads, let our glaſſes be prim'd,
Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

NOW we mighty men of London,
Crowd about the feſtive board;
All our coats and waiſtcoats undone,
To receive the ſumptuous hoard,
Now the napkin to the chin is
Tuck'd with more than wanton glee:
Nor can banker count their guineas
Faſter than our mouths fill we.
CHORUS.—Now we mighty men, &c.

When three pounds are fairly ſwallow'd
By each, more than greedy paunch;
Still the veniſon's name is hallow'd,
Still we doat upon the haunch.
Now the dainty ſlice of fat, is
Put upon the load of lean;
While the waiters wonder what 'tis
That ſuch mighty eaters mean.
Now we mighty men, &c.

Now the pies and cuſtards tempt us,
Now the codling tarts and cream;
Nor ſhall night itſelf exempt us,
For of eating ſtill we dream.
Happy he that lives the week out,
May his eating plan renew;
And another year may ſee out
Proofs that what we ſay is true.
Now we mighty men, &c.

THE KNIFE GRINDERS.

THERE are grinders enough, ſir, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty;
Whatever the ſtation, it ſharpens the ſenſe,
And the wheel it goes round to wind in the pence.

CHORUS.

Maſter grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind!

Whatever the ſtateſman may think of himſelf,
He turns fortune's wheel in purſuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, ſirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may ſtarve, ſo he pockets the gain.

The rich grind the poor, is a ſaying of old;
The merchant, the tradeſman, we need not be told;
Whether pagan, mahometan, chriſtian you be,
There are grinders of all ſorts, of every degree.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and diſplay the ſtate-players;
He is a ſtaunch grinder, to ſome 'tis well known,
And they're mightily gall'd by the gut of his ſtone.

I too am a grinder, what, what, ſirs, of that,
I am but in taſte ſince I copy the great,
To be, ſirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind,
'Tis for what I can get makes me willing to grind.

CHORUS.

Maſter grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind!

NEW BOW WOW.

NOW liſten, my friends, to an old dog's new ſtory,
Which contains of his race the pretenſions to glory;
For we dogs may be found in ev'ry rank and ſtation,
Since puppies are careſs'd as the firſt of the nation.
Bow, wow, wow, fal lal de iddy oddy, bow, wow, wow.

The flatterer's a canting dog, he's always a fawning,
An alderman's a ſleepy dog, that's always a yawning;
A lawyer is a greedy dog, he lives upon miſchief,
A phyſician is a terrible dog, of killing he is chief.

A taylor's a ſetting dog, whoſe game is a gooſe, ſir,
A huſband's a ſimple dog, that's hang'd in a nooſe, ſir;
A cuckold is a common dog, which ev'ry wife will tell ye,
A glutton is a cramming dog, he loves you for his belly.

A ſwindler is a ſorry dog, he lives by always cheating,
A Frenchman is a nimble dog that runs from ev'ry beating;
A ſoldier is a noble dog, in ev'ry rank and ſtation,
A ſailor is a hearty dog, as any in the nation.

A lover is a wretched dog, without his pretty dear, ſir,
A bully is a ſwag'ring dog, I neither love nor fear, ſir;
A miſer is a ſaving dog, that keeps an inch of candle,
And a coxcomb is a lap-dog, for pretty maids to dandle.

A cook is a charming dog, when he gives us good cheer, ſir,
A ſot is a ſoaking dog at wine, punch, or beer, ſir;
A landlord's a cheating dog, he chalks two for one, ſir,
And a rogue is a ſad dog, that thouſands has undone, ſir.

A gambler is a ſhuffling dog, he tricks by the cards, ſir,
A bailiff is a ſly dog, that bites very hard, ſir;
A rake is a jolly dog, whom all women fancy,
And I am your faithful dog, as any here you can ſee.
Bow, wow, wow, fal lal de iddy oddy, bow, wow, wow.

THE FOUR NATIONS.

IN vain do poets ſtrive to ſing
The hero, patriot and king,
That bleſs Great Briton's iſle;
The taſk's too great for any one,
Except a Homer or Milton;
All want both words and ſtyle.

ENGLISHMAN.

Hark, how the drum and trumpets ſound,
While Engliſhmen are bravely crown'd
With laurels every where;
See, meagre, frighted Frenchmen run,
From thund'ring, roaring Engliſh gun,
To ſhun death and deſpair.

See crouds of volunteers, each day,
Who ſing, to Granby haſte away,
Our honour to maintain;
Convince Monſieurs that we are free,
In church, in ſtate, in liberty:—
Lords of the land and main,

But who comes here that wears the leek?
Methinks a Welchman, let hur ſpeak:
Old Briton, what d'ye ſay?

WELCHMAN.

Why, hur name it is Taffy, and look ye here now,
Hur's left her own Wife, hur own ſon and hur cow;
And hur wiſh hur may never go home to hur houſe,
'Till hur makes the French dogs ſhit as ſmall as a mouſe.

For a Welchman can ne'er live at home at hur eaſe,
While Frenchmen do rob hur of hur putter and cheeſe;
For Shenkin ap Morgan, and David ap Shones,
Were never yet fearful of preaking their pones.
Yes, Taffy will fight, cutſpluter a-nails
For hur King, and hur Queen, and hur own Prince of Wales;
And Sawney will help hur, whoſe heart will ne'er fail,
To fight with a proad ſword ſo long as a flail.

SOOTCHMAN.

Breethers what are ye about?
Wha' the de'el make aw this rout?
O'er the ſeas, and o'er the lands,
Cheer up my lads, give me your hands:
In me you ſall a brother find;
De'el dam me an I ſtay behind;
My braid ſword ſall gie them law,
O'er the hills and far awa'.

When we meet Frenchmen face to face,
They rin awa', we gie them chace;
Wha' purſue them like the lads
That wear the bonets, ſwords and plaids?
Fou' or empty, drunk or dry;
O'er vallies low, or mountains high;
In ſummer's heat, in froſt or ſnaw,
We always gar them rin awa'.—

Then gie's a cogue, and let us ſing
Our ſoldiers, ſailors, and our king.—

IRISHMAN.

And Teague bears a chorus, who never did fail
To fight for Old England—ſing Grannywale!

Muſha tol de rol, lol lol de rol, lorrol lol la.
Whack tal de ral, &c.
Agas fal de rol, &c.
Beſides, farrel lol lol, &c.

King George wears my harp, and the crown on his ſhield;
I'm the firſt in the battle, the laſt in the field;
And Frenchmen ſwear nothing can fright a brigade,
So much has the face of a true honeſt Teague.

I value not Sackville, no ſhitſack, or louſe,
Who ſtrove to break open my mother's old houſe;
For Minden has prov'd him a rogue to his face;
MAKAAK MAL A MALAK, is now in diſgrace.

Then give's a drink, and let's join all four
To lick the French King, for a ſon of a whore;
We'll make him cry out Marbleau, to his ſhame,
Or WHIL-LIL-ALOW, and that's all the ſame.
Muſha tal de rol, &c.

A SCOTCH SONG.

BY R. BURNS.

IT was upon a Lammas-night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:

The time flew by with heedleſs head,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi mie perſuaſion ſhe agreed
To ſee me thro' the barley.

The ſky was blue, the wind was ſtill,
The moon was ſhining clearly,
I ſet her down wi right gude will,
Among the rigs o' barley;
I knew her heart was a mi ane,
I loo'd her moſt ſincerely;
I kiſs'd her o'er and o'er again,
Among the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My bleſſings on that happy place,
Among the rigs o' barley;
But by the moon and ſtars ſo bright,
That ſhone that hour ſo clearly,
She aw ſhall bleſs that happy night,
Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyful gath'ring gear,
I hae been happy thinking;
But a' the pleaſures I e'er ſaw,
Tho' three times doubled fairley,
That happy night was worth them a,
Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.—Corn rigs and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Among the rigs wi Annie.

Sung by Mr. Mahon.

'TWAS at the break of day we ſpy'd
The ſignal to unmoor,
Which ſleepleſs Caroline deſcry'd,
Sweet maid! from Goſport ſhore;
The freſh'ning gale at length aroſe,
Her heart began to ſwell,
Nor could cold fear the thought oppoſe,
Of bidding me farewel!

In open boat the maid of worth
Soon reach'd our veſſel's ſide,
Soon too ſhe found her William's birth,
But 'ſaught me not to chide:
"Go," ſhe exclaim'd, "for fame's a cauſe
A female ſhould approve,
For who that's true to honour's laws,
Is ever falſe to love!

My heart is loyal—ſcorns to fear,
Nor will it even fail,
Tho' war's unequal wild career
Should William's life aſſail:
Tho' death 'gainſt thee exert his ſway,
Oh! truſt me but the dart
That woundeth thee will find its way
To Caroline's true heart.

Should conqueſt in fair form array'd
Thy loyal efforts crown,
In Goſport will be found a maid,
That lives for thee alone."
May girls with hearts ſo firm and true,
To love and glory's cauſe,
Meet the reward they have in view,
The meed of free applauſe.

MARY'S DREAM. SUNG AT THE QUEEN'S CONCERT.

THE moon had climb'd the higheſt hill,
Which riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea;
Then ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to aſk who there might be,
And ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With palid cheek and hollow eye:
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea:
Far, far from thee I ſleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days,
We toſs'd upon the raging main,
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave—
But all our ſtriving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love of thee:
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

O! maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I ſhall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled;
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
"Sweet Mary! weep no more for me."

THE SCOTCH SHEPHERD. BY R. BURNS.

BEHIND yon hill where Stinchar flows,
Many moors and maſſes many O;
The wintry ſun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie O.

The whiſtling wind blows loud and ſhrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll ſteal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming, ſweet and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonnie O;
The op'ning gowan wet wi dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,
An few there be that ken me O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome to my Nannie O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie O;
But wardly gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie O.

Our auld gude man delights to view
His ſheep an kyne thrive bonnie O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And ha na care but Nannie O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what heaven will ſend me O;
Na ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie O.

THE SORROWS OF CHARLOTTE ON THE DEATH OF WERTER.

Sung by Mr. Goldfinch, at Sadler's Wells.

WHEN WERTER firſt fair CHARLOTTE ſaw,
What ſtrange emotions ſeiz'd his breaſt,
And rob'd him too for e'er of reſt,
By force of love's deſpotic law:
When oft he'd ſeek the willow grove,
And as he'd thro' the coverts rove,
Oh how he'd ſigh, he'd ſigh for guilty love!

Then back return with eager pace,
And Charlotte! Charlotte! mournful cry,
The while he would ſo ſadly ſigh,
That tears would trickle down his face:
And when ſhe ſaw him thus in woe,
She'd ſweetly whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh how I grieve, I grieve to ſee you ſo!

His fatal paſſion oft ſhe'd chide,
That both their ſad misfortunes wrought,
When fate the doleful tidings brought,
For love of Charlotte, Werter dy'd:
Oh how ſhe cry'd in bitter woe,
How could you, Werter, pain me ſo!
Oh how I grieve the world thy death muſt know!

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets founding, drums a beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle;
Ev'ry heart with joy elating!
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front, and from the rear,
Round us in the smoky air,
Heads and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying,
At each pop
Hundreds drop,
While the muskets, prittle prattle:
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded;
What a charming thing's a battle!
But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall,
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and foot
All go to't;
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Then to plunder;
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle!

A HUNTING SONG.

DECEMBER is the month
When British brains are addled,
The morning's wet and dirty,
So get the cattle faddled;
For a hunting we will go,
Will go, will go, will go.
For a hunting we will go.

What pleasure is so excellent
As whip, and cut, and spur?
What music can compare
To the yelping of a cur?
When a hunting, &c.

Acteon was a hunter bold,
Wore horns upon his pate;
But we will take our wives with us,
And so avoid his fate.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carcase chance to stick in,
We're champions all, and fight the cause
Of gander, goose and chicken,

But if perchance a fox-chace
Should cost a man his breath,
We're all militia captains now,
And who's afraid of death?

Then should we break fly Reynard's neck,
In pastime, e'nt it merit?

And if perchance we break our own,
Why, damme, e'nt it ſpirit?

But if a quiſt won't quit his bed,
For ſports ſo blith and bonny,
We'll ſwear he hates fatigue and dirt,
And call him macaroni.

Abuſe him for his want of taſte,
Since nothing ſo bewitches,
Like ſpending all the winter long,
In boots and leather breeches,
When a hunting we do go, *&c.*

A CATCH.

HARK! the bonny Chriſt-church bells,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6:
They ſound ſo woundy great, ſo wond'rous ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily, merrily.

Hark! the firſt and ſecond bell, that every day at four and ten,
Cry, come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the verger trips before the dean.

Tingle, tingle ting, goes the ſmall bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the de'il a man will leave his can,
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

THE KEY TO LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

WOULD you be a happy lover,
Love you never muſt diſcover;
He who's ſilent in the art,
Knows the way to win the heart:
If your paſſion you wou'd prove,
Secreſy's the key to love.

Love in vain we would expoſe,
His pureſt flame in ſecret glows;
Love's the virtue of the ſoul,
Under ſecreſy's controul.
If your paſſion, &c.

One word the prize has often loſt,
What years of conſtancy has coſt;
Hide the anguiſh of your heart,
Hide the joy that heals your ſmart,
If your paſſion, &c.

Make your heart your confidant;
Conquer too, but never vaunt:
What in fame you loſe, is due
To pleaſure, happineſs and you.
If your paſſion you wou'd prove,
Secreſy's the key to love.

THE SEA FIGHT.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be ſpoke,
Victory ſoon will crown the joke;
Be ſilent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and ſpunge them well,
Let us be ſure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar will ſound their knell;
Be ſteady, boys, be ſteady.

Not yet, nor yet—reſerve your fire
I do deſire:——Fire!
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods, amaz'd, behold the battle.
A broadſide, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd ſide;
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly;
Conquer, boys—or bravely die:
Hurl deſtruction on your foes,
She ſinks——Huzza!
To the bottom down ſhe goes!

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

A PLAGUE of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good ſtuff, had they twig'd it,
Would have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And, ſpite of the rules,
The rules of the ſchools,
The old fools would have all of them ſwig'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when I laſt came from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, ne'er be ſuch a ninny
To drink;——ſays I,——Father, your health!
So I paſs'd round the ſtuff, and he twig'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog;
And he ſwig'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwig'd, and all of us ſwig'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplin was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I tipt him the ſtuff, and he twig'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog:
And he ſwig'd, and Nick ſwig'd,
And Ben ſwig'd, and Dick ſwig'd,
And I ſwig'd, and all of us ſwig'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me, there's nothing as drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em more valiant, more brave.
For me, from the moment I twig'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly, conſtantly ſwig'd it;
And, d—n me, there's nothing like grog.

Sung by Belville, in Roſina.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

HER mouth, which a ſmile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the roſe
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r ſcented heath
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the bloſſoms of May.

Sung by Angelina, in Robin Hood.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELDS.

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren ſand,
At beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turks had ſpoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece the bold imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be ſeen
Where conſtancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair ſhore
I bent my never ceaſing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted ſtill to pray.
But there, too, Superſtition's hand
Had ſicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me ſoon regain the land
Where beauty fills the weſtern ſhore.

Where Hymen with celeſtial pow'r
Connubial tranſport doth adorn;
Where pureſt virtue ſports the hour
That uſhers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's iſle,
Where'er I go, where'er I ſtray;
O Charity's ſweet children ſmile
To chear a pilgrim on his way.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Heireſs.

FOR tenderneſs faſhion'd in life's early day,
A parent's ſoft ſorrow to mine led the way;
The leſſon of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere I knew language, I ſpoke with a ſigh.

The nightingale plunder'd—the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the ſuffering grove;
To youth, as it ripen'd, gave ſentiment new:
The object ſtill changing—the ſympathy true.

Soft embers of paſſion yet reſt in their glow;
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never know!
Or if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
Let the ſpark drop from reaſon, that weakens the flame.

PASSION OF LOVE.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than flow the minutes ſeem to me
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day, or year, to live,
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms;
Oh! come, with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to juſtify, and pay
The pain I feel, from this delay.

My ſoul is fill'd with thee alone,
Nor other wiſh nor object knows;
O make me bleſt—be all my own,
And give my heart ſecure repoſe.

Sung at Vauxhall, by Miſs Bertles.

"MUSIC IS THE VOICE OF LOVE."

SOFTLY ſweet the minutes glide,
With tuneful Damon by my ſide;
His ſongs delight the liſt'ning grove,
For muſic is the voice of love.

When moon-beams glitter o'er the ſtream,
How ſweet the ſong when love's the theme;
His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,
For muſic is the voice of love.

If other maids admire his lays,
While ſoft and ſweet he ſings my praiſe;
The tender tale I muſt approve,
For muſic is the voice of love.

From the Maſque of Comus.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

BY the gaily circling glaſs,
We can ſee how minutes paſs——
By the hollow flaſk are told
How the waining night grows old.
Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſports away:
What have we with day to do?
SONS OF CARE——'twas made for you.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SURR.

GAY Bacchus one ev'ning invited his friends
To partake of a generous flask,
To each social being a message he sends
To meet at the head of his cask.
The guests all appear'd at the place of address——
The witty, the grave and the bold;
Our circle surpass'd all that fancy can guess
Of Arthur's round table of old.

In the midst of our merriment, who do you think,
Unsuspected, had seated him there?
But one Care, in disguise, who tip'd us the wink,
And warn'd us of time to beware,
Who, in spite of his age, or the weight of his years,
We should find but a slippery blade:
He's known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
And carries the signs of his trade.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
Which fill'd him with wrinkles apace;
The cynic grew blithe, and his precepts forgot,
And soon fell asleep in his place.
Regardless of Time, then we threw off restraint,
Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark;
Our songs were select, and our stories were quaint,
And each was as gay as a lark.

When all of a sudden, so awful and tall,
One appear'd, who spoil'd a good song;
Father Time, moving round by the side of the wall
Behind us, slow stealing along;

We roſe to his rev'rence, and offer'd a chair,
He ſaid for no man he would ſtay——
Then BACCHUS up ſtarted, and catch'd at his hair,
And ſwore all the ſhot he ſhould pay.

But TIME, well aware of the god of the grape,
Evaded his efforts, and flew;
We ſeiz'd on his glaſs, ere he made his eſcape,
And inſtantly broke it in two:
Then we fill'd each with wine inſtead of the ſand,
And drank double toaſts to the fair——
Each member in turn, with a glaſs in each hand,
Then parted, and went home with CARE.

THE COBLER.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

WHENE'ER I am mending a ſhoe,
Ev'ry thing in my ſtall that I view,
To my doating remembrance brings you,
While my heart in my boſom goes thump.
The beſt callimanco's your hair,
Your ſkin is the lining ſo fair——
My awl to your eyes I compare,
That wounded the heart of poor Clump.

Your teeth, which like ivory ſhow,
Are the pegs, in a white, even row,
Which I drive—while at ev'ry blow
My heart in my boſom goes thump.
Each object, of you bears a part——
Your wit, that's ſo piercing and ſmart,
Is my knife—but my lapſtone your heart,
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Clump.

ENGLAND THE EMPIRE OF LOVE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN Freedom was baniſh'd from Greece and from Rome,
And wander'd neglected in ſearch of a home,
Jove willing to fix her where long ſhe might ſtand,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land.
With nice circumſpection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merits of all,
Then quickly determin'd, that England alone
Was the ſpot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

Gay Momus inſiſted, no place was more fit
Than the iſland of Freedom for true attic wit;
And Venus confeſs'd, if 'twere pleaſing to Jove,
She would wiſh to make ENGLAND the empire of LOVE:
Then Mars nobly ſtepp'd from his miſtreſs's ſide,
And ſwore that the Britons in arms ſhould preſide—
While Bacchus declar'd, that each heart-chearing juice,
For the uſe of brave Engliſhmen, he would produce.

To render complete all the bleſſings, now paſt,
And provide that they might to eternity laſt,
'Twas reſolved that a toaſt ſhould that inſtant be giv'n,
And drank in full bumpers of nectar through heav'n:
The toaſt of the gods was—and mark it, ye free—
"May BRITONS with BRITONS for ever agree!"
By their enemies then they will always be fear'd,
And with wine, wit and women, inceſſantly chear'd.

ON A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

BY I. H. BROWN, ESQ.

PRETTY tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour;
Object of my hot desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy lovely swelling crest,
With my bended stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses:
Happy thrice, and thrice agen——
Happiest he of happy men!

Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the crickets gay,
(Little crickets, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine!
Happy thrice, and thrice again——
Happiest he of happy men!

THE LAST SONG.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours—
Your parſons with preaching, and dancers with capers;
Soldiers pay you with courage, and ſome with their lives;
Some men with their fortunes—and ſome with their wives,
Some with fame, ſome with conſcience, and many throw both in:
Phyſicians with *Latin*, and great men with *Nothing*.
I, not to be ſingular in ſuch a throng,
For your kindneſs pay you with the end of a ſong.

But pleading, engroſſing, declaring and vapouring——
And fighting, and hect'ring, and dancing and cap'ring;
And preaching, and ſwearing, and bullying, preſcribing,
And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing and bribing;
And every profeſſional art of hum-drumming,
Are clearly of ſome ſort a ſpecies of humming:
Humming! nay take me with you, the term's very ſtrong,
But I only meant——humming the end of a ſong.

For all who thus kindly may pay me attention,
I would I had language of ſome new invention
My thanks to return; for where's the expreſſion
Can deſcribe of your kindneſs the grateful impreſſion!
May ev'ry deſire of your heart be propitious——
By laſting ſucceſs the reſult of your wiſhes;
Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long—
And now——I AM COME TO THE END OF MY SONG.

F I N I S.

THE FOX-CHACE.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

AT the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along;
Yoix! yoix! tally-o!
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.
CHORUS—We waken the woods, &c.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun
Our brave courſers outrun,——
O'er the mound, horſe & hound, ſee us bound in full cry;
Like Phœbus we riſe
To the heights of the ſkies;
And careleſs of danger five bars we defy.
We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, ſir, we ruſh,
And are hard at his bruſh,
Already he dies—ſee him panting for breath.
Each feat and defeat
We renew and repeat,
Regardleſs of life, ſo we're in at the death.
We waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
We prolong the delight;
Much Trimbuſh we praiſe, and the deeds that were done.
And yoix! tally-o!
Next morning we go
With Phœbus to end—as we mount with the ſun.

CONTENT. A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands & mountains, wide, barren & bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam ;
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow ſheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor ;
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt——
Freſh fruits, and ſhe cull'd me the beſt ;
Whilſt thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.
I told my ſoft wiſhes—ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine !)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond ſhepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek ;
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms ;
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if—on the banks by the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep——
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views ;
Or reſt on the rock, whence the ſtreamlet diſtills,
And mark out new themes for my muſe.
To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire—
The damſel's of humble deſcent ;
The cottager, PEACE, is well known for her ſire.
And ſhepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

THE HIGHGATE OATH.

SILENCE! take notice, you are my ſon,
Full on your father look, ſir;
This is an oath you may take as you run;
So lay your hand on the horn-book, ſir.
Hornaby, thornaby, Highgate and horns,
And money by hook or by crook, ſir.

Spend not with cheaters, or coz'ners, your life,
Nor waſte it on profligate beauty;
And when you are married, be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat duty!
Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
And true from the cap to the ſhoe-tie.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,
You never ſhould hold to be right, ſir;
Nor, unleſs 'tis your taſte, to drink ſmall for ſtrong beer
Or eat brown bread when you can get white, ſir.
Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,
Are pleaſant at morn, noon and night, ſir.

To kiſs with the maid, when the miſtreſs is kind,
A gentleman ought to be loath, ſir;
But if the maid's faireſt, your oath does not bind;
Or, you may, if you like, kiſs both, ſir.
Kiſs away, both you may, ſweetly ſmack night and day,
If you like it, you're bound by your oath, ſir.

When you travel to Highgate take this oath again,
And again, like a ſound man and true, ſir;
And if you have with you ſome more merry men,
Be ſure you make them take it too, ſir.
Bleſs you, ſon, get you gone, frolic and fun,
OLD ENGLAND, and honeſt true blue, ſir.

THE FAVOURITE INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY PAXTON.

As ſung by Mr. Meredith.

THE ſun ſets in night, and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſons of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow? do you wait 'till I ſhrink from my pain?
No—the ſons of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame riſes faſt!—you exult in my pain;
But the ſons of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend—he relieves me from pain;
And the ſons of ALKNOMOOK has ſcorn'd to complain.

THE SORROWS OF WERTER.*

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HOOK.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld
As ſhe danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid ſhe excell'd,
And prais'd the ſoft grace of her mien.
But all her accompliſhments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He ſighs for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As A FRIEND gentle Werter was dear;
Her ſmiles oft his ſorrow aſſuag'd,
While pity has dropt a ſoft tear.
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and ſhe cry'd,
Werter, leave me, and ſee me no more:
He ſigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd!
Then the ſorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
Under pity's ſoft garb hide his dart;
Werter's ſorrows are laid in the grave,
While pity ſtill wrings Charlotte's heart.
And oft o'er his grave has ſhe cry'd,
While with flow'rets ſhe deck'd it all o'er:
He ſaw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd!
Then the ſorrows of Werter deplore.

* *See page 217.*

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

A Sequel to the Sorrows of Werter.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. MOULDS.

WHEN firſt the fatal news arriv'd,
That Werter was no more,
Charlotte of reaſon was depriv'd—
Fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.
When ſhe reviv'd, her eyes ſhe rais'd,
And cry'd with wild deſpair,
His faithful heart be ever prais'd,
For Love and Truth dwelt there.

The wretched Charlotte at his tomb
Oft paid the tribute due;
Wept o'er his grave, and mourn'd his doom,
And ſigh'd for love ſo true.
His loſs ſhe could not long ſurvive,
For life was at a ſtand:
Her colour fled, her cheeks grew pale—
She dropp'd her lily hand.

Then gently rais'd her eyes to heav'n,
With feeble voice ſhe cry'd,
Bleſt youth, be all thy faults forgiv'n—
She heav'd a ſigh——and dy'd.
ALBERT he mourn'd his wife and friend,
And ſhed the tender tear:
The village wept their mournful end,
And nought was left to chear.

A FAVOURITE IRISH SONG.

ALL you that are wife, and think life worth enjoying
Or ſoldier or ſailor, by land or by ſea,
In loving and laughing your time be employing;
Your glaſs to your lips, and your laſs on your knee.
Come ſing away, honeys, and caſt off all ſorrow—
Tho' we all die to-day, let's be merry to-morrow;
A hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
A moment of time to be joyous and free.
CHORUS—Come ſing away, honeys, &c.

My lord and the biſhop, in ſpite of their ſplendor,
When death gives the call, from their glories muſt part:
Your beautiful dame, when the ſummons is ſent her,
Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then ſing away, honeys, and caſt off your ſorrow—
Tho' you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow;
An hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
A cordial to cheriſh the ſorrowful heart.
Then ſing away, honeys, &c.

For richies and honour, then, why all this riot——
Your wrangling and jangling, and all your alarms?
Arrah! burn ye, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
And take, while you can, your kind girl to your arms.
You'd better be ſinging, and caſting off ſorrow!
Tho' you all die to-day, ſure, be merry to-morrow;
An hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A moment of joy, and enjoy her ſweet charms.
You'd better be ſinging, &c.

MARY'S DEATH AT SANDY'S TOMB.*

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. RELFE.

LARGO.

LOUD toll'd the ſtern bellman of night,
When Mary, dejected and ſad,
To the turf had directed her flight,
Wherein her loſt lover lay clad.

How long, my lov'd Sandy, ſhe cry'd,
Muſt my heart in lone anguiſh complain?
How long?—till in death we're allay'd,
And fate cannot part us again.

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb;
Come Mary, it cries, come away;
To partake of thy lover's ſad doom,
And reſt thee beſides his cold clay.

LARGETTO SICILIANO.

I hear the kind call, and I come,
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haſte to my Sandy's dark tomb,
To die on his boſom ſo true.
I hear the kind call and obey;
Ah! Sandy, receive me, ſhe cried;
Then breathing a ſigh o'er his clay,
She hung on his tombſtone——and dy'd!

* *See page* 215.

AIRS,

SUNG IN

POOR VULCAN.

VULCAN.

WHEN I've been working in my ſhop,
You many a time have ſeen me drop,
Some water on the doubtful fire;
Which damp'd, at firſt, more dead has grown,
But quickly, by the bellows blown,
Has chang'd from brown to duſky red,
Then brighter heat and luſtre ſhed,
And flam'd and ſparkl'd up the higher.

Thus trickling tears from you that part,
Have often damp'd my doubtful heart,
And quench'd awhile my paſſion's heat;
But ſoon arous'd by kindling eyes,
I've felt anew my paſſion riſe,
While ſob and ſigh, and ſigh and ſob,
Have made my bolom throb and throb,
And like ſledge hammers on it beat.

The iron too, from th' fire when ta'en,
I've thumpt, and thumpt, and thumpt again,
And ſhap'd by ſure, though ſlow degrees,
So you, by perſevering well,
Have found a means my ſtrength to quell——
And all by dint of practis'd art,
Have thumpt, and thumpt, and thumpt my heart,
And mould it juſt which way you pleaſe.

Vulcan. RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

HERE, take theſe ſhoes to Farmer Swine,—
I've heard the folks laugh at my ſign* ;
And one cry'd, boo ! another chuckl'd,
That's ſure the houſe of ſome old cuckold.
George ! go mend Farmer Hedgeſtake's plough.—
I dream'd laſt night, that on my brow
Large horns grew out ; and then, to-day,
Scarce to the door I'd found my way,
But, perch'd upon that tree, my bane,
The cuckoo——zounds ! he's there again.

AIR.—Tell me, am I laugh'd to ſcorn ;
Have I on each brow a horn ?
This I ſuſpect, and if 'tis true,
Quickly anſwer me ?—Cuckoo !
I have my cue,
Alas ! 'tis true ;
Hark ! ſhe anſwers me—Cuckoo !

That anſwer's yes, the murder's out,
At leaſt I ſhall no longer doubt ;
But tell me, if to one or two,
Or more, I am oblig'd ?—Cuckoo !
What more than two ?
Alas ! 'tis true ;
Hark ! ſhe anſwers me—Cuckoo !

In vain then do I beat my pate,
A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate ;
Behold ! here are my antlers—boo !
Am I not right, my friend ?—Cuckoo !
Then plain to view,
My fears are true ;
Hark ! ſhe anſwers me—Cuckoo !

* *Sign of the horns.*

Sung by Serjeant Pike.

COME all you gemmen volunteers,
In glory who would ſhare,
And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum-head repair:

Or, to the noble Serjeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay;
You'll enter into preſent pay:
Come, come, the bargain ſtrike;
A golden guinea and a crown,
Beſides, the lord knows what renown;
His majeſty's the donor;
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd on the bed of honour.

Does any 'prentice work too hard;
Fine clothes would any wear?
Would any one his wife diſcard?
To the drum-head repair:
Or, to the noble, *&c.*

Is your eſtate put out to nurſe?
Are you a caſt off peer?
Have you no money in your purſe?
To the drum-head repair:
Or to the noble, *&c.*

DIALOGUE SONG.

JOE.

WHEN the Serjeant, encourag'd by wine,
To your lips once preſum'd to advance,
Oh! how did I ſicken and pine,
That you deign'd to beſtow him a glance!
And again, when the 'Squire from the chace
Returning, beſtow'd you the ſpoil;
From my mem'ry I cannot eraſe,
That the prize you repaid with a ſmile.

MAUDLIN.

Ah, my Joey! one day in my place,
(The truth on't you cannot gainſay)
When I ſent my ſuivante, pretty Grace,
You kiſs'd her all on the new hay;
Nay, for ſelfiſh deſigns, dar'd to own,
You PRETENDED a paſſion for me;
But attractions and charms I had none,
But her Grace was your favourite ſhe.

BOTH.

We have each other on the hip,
Be jealous then no longer;
Rather let a little ſlip
Tie the knot the ſtronger.

A Verſe to be ſung by each in Company.

LET every man now give his toaſt,
Fill up the glaſs, I'll tell you mine;
Wine is the miſtreſs I love moſt,
This is my toaſt——now give me thine.

Well ſaid, my lad, ne'er let it ſtand,
I give you Chloe, nymph divine;
May love and wine go hand in hand,
This is my toaſt——now give me thine.

Fill up your glaſſes to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline;
'Twas Hebe taught me firſt to drink,
This is my toaſt——now give me thine.

Gemmen, I give my wife, d'ye ſee,
May all, to make her bleſt, combine;
So ſhe be far enough from me,
This is my toaſt——now give me thine.

Let conſtant lovers at the feet
Of pale-fac'd wenches, ſigh and pine——
For me, the firſt kind girl I meet
Shall be my toaſt——now give me thine.

You toaſt your wife, and you your laſs,
My boys, and welcome, here's the wine;
For my part, he who fills my glaſs
Shall be my toaſt——now give me thine.

AS LANDLORD.

Spirits, my lads, and toaſt away,
I have ſtill one with yours to join;
"That you may have ENOUGH TO PAY,"
This is MY TOAST——now give me thine.

HUNTING SONG.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my groom;
Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupl'd the hounds,
Which lively and mettleſome friſk'd o'er the grounds.
And now we're all ſaddl'd—fleet, dapple and grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad ſound—hark, away!

'Twas now by the clock, about five in the morn,
When we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn—
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the Gooſe,
When all of a ſudden, out ſtarts Miſtreſs Puſs:
Men, horſes and dogs—not a moment would ſtay,
And echo was heard to ſay——hark! hark, away!

The courſe was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubl'd, and doubl'd, and doubl'd again;
Till at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out of breath,
And I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death;
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys—hark! hark, away!

THE GREEN SEDGY BANKS.

ON the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,
I paſs'd the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace chear'd the morn, and content crown'd the night;
Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

Wherever I wander, thro' hill, dale or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with ſoft tales of love;
Enraptur'd he preſs'd me, then vow'd with a ſigh,
If Jenny was cruel—alas! he muſt die:
A youth ſo engaging, with eaſe might deceive—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

He ſtole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content, that ne'er can return:
From the clown to the beau the ſex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the ſmart:
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY*.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry ſhepherd's tongue;
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb:
The reſt complains of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's reck'ning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes;
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten——
In folly ripe——in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſps and amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But cou'd youth laſt, and love ſtill breed;
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

* *See page* 83.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG BY MR. MEREDITH.

JOVE, when he ſaw my Fanny's face,
With wond'rous paſſion mov'd,
Forgot the caſe of human race,
And felt at laſt he lov'd.
Then to the God of ſoft deſire
His ſuit he thus addreſs'd——
I Fanny love with ardent fire,
O touch her tender breaſt.

Your ſighs are hopeleſs, Cupid cried,
I lov'd the maid before:
What rival me? the power replied,
Whom gods and men adore.
He graſp'd the bolt, he ſhook the ſprings
Of his imperial throne,
While Cupid wav'd his roſy wings,
And in a breath was gone.

O'er earth and ſeas the godhead flew,
But ſtill no ſhelter found;
For as he fled, his dangers grew,
And light'nings flaſh'd around.
At laſt his trembling fear impels
His flight to Fanny's eyes,
Where happy, ſafe, and pleas'd, he dwells,
Nor minds his native ſkies.

ARISTRIPPUS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HOOK.

LET care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul,
Who, ARISTIPPUS like, can his paſſions controul;
Of wiſeſt philoſophers, wiſeſt was he,
Who, attentive to eaſe, let his mind ſtill be free:
The prince, peer or peaſant, to him were the ſame,
For pleas'd, he was pleaſing to all where he came,
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of my life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend—
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none if none found fault with him
If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;
If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glaſs—
If love was the topic, he toaſted his laſs;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils diſputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither; for this was his creed,
That let them be guided by folly or ſenſe,
'Twould be SEMPER EADEM an hundred years hence.
He thought 'twas unſocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wiſh'd well to the ſword
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word:
Diſquiet to him, of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find.

The philoſopher's ſtone was but gravel and pain,
And all who had ſought it, had ſought it in vain;
He ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow ARISTRIPPUS's rules,
And deem his opponents both aſſes and mules;
Let thoſe not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their ſects be drove out of the hive;
Expell'd from the manſions of quiet and eaſe,
May they never find out the bleſt art how to pleaſe;
While our friends and ourſelves, not forgetting our wives,
By theſe maxims may live all the days of our lives.

From the Gentle Shepherd.

PEGGY.

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe milking firſt try'd my young ſkill;
To bear the milk bowie nae pain 'twas to me,
When I to the fold, the herd gather'd wi' thee.

PATTIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow and blue heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorlands and ſweet riſing fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found that the berries were ripen'd for thee.

DUETT.

How fondly can lovers truſt a' they deſire;
The praiſe that's ſo gentle increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſelf better and worthy of thee.

DUET.

HOW ſweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn
To waken ſhrill echo, and taſte the freſh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is loſt to my view:——
She's loſt!——Fair Daphne is loſt to my view.

Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies——
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd—'tis Myrtillo that dies:——
That dies!--Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

From the Duenna.

TELL me, my lute, can thy fond ſtrain
So gently ſpeak thy maſter's pain,
So ſoftly ſing, ſo humbly ſigh,
That—tho' my ſleeping love ſhall know
Who ſings—who ſighs below,
Her roſy ſlumbers ſhall not fly.
Thus may ſome viſion whiſper more
Than ever I durſt ſpeak before!

The breath of morn bids hence the night;
Unveil thoſe beauteous eyes my fair;
For, all the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day—I own no light.

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bleſs my ſight;
'Tis Phœbus ſure, that woos, I cry'd,
Who ſpeaks in ſong, who moves in light,

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

SEE the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun——
The confuſion but hear, "I bet you, ſir—done, done!"
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near—
Lords, hawkers and jockies aſſail the tir'd ear:
Whilſt, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt—
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaſt;
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh
Dogs, horſes and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;
Thro' marſh, fen and bryar, led by their ſly prey,
They by ſcent and by view cheat a long tedious way;
While alike born for ſports of the field and the courſe,
Always ſure to come thro'—a ſtaunch and fleet horſe:
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath—
The HIGH-METTLED RACER is in at the death.

Grown aged, is up——and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd & wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtillions the pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes—his ſire gain'd that race:
And what matches he won too, the hoſtlers count o'er
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge ale-houſe door;
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER's a hack on the road.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lame and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand till the ſand of his hour glaſs ſtands ſtill;
And now cold and lifeleſs, expos'd to the view
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew:
With a pitying crow'd his ſad relics ſurrounds—
The HIGH-METTLED RACER——is ſold to the hounds!

DUET.

TIME has not thin'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.
Let me enjoy the chearful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love ere I grow old.

DUET.

AH! what avails thy lover's pray'r,
His incenſe clouds the ſky in vain.
Nor wealth, nor greatneſs was his care,
Thee, thee alone, he begg'd to gain.
With thee to waſte the pleaſing day,
When ev'ry hour in joy was paſt;
With love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom breath my laſt.

Toasts and Sentiments.

THE cause of Liberty throughout the world.
Love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all.
May we learn to be frugal, before we are obliged to be so.
May the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those desires be gratified.
Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
Great men honest, and honest men great.
All Fortune's daughters but the eldest.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.
May we fly from the temptations which we cannot resist.
Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.
Pleasures that please on reflection.
Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.
May a virtuous offspring succeed to mutual and honourable love.
Virtue for a guide, and Fortune for an attendant.
Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.
The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.
May we be happy when alone, and cheerful when in company.
To the true patriot, who dies with pleasure for his country's good.
A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
May we never meet an old friend with a new face.
Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
Frugality without meanness.
Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.
May we always forget when we forgive an injury.
May we never condemn that in others, which we would pardon in ourselves.

May the ſingle be married, and the married be happy.
May power ever continue in the friends of England.
Plenty to a generous mind.
May we be flatterers to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.
Proviſion to the unprovided.
Succeſs to the lover, and joy to the beloved.
That Freemen may never more be conſidered as a property to be led to market.
The king to the laws, and the church to the bible.
The honeſt north-country ſmith, who refuſed to ſhoe for the man who voted againſt his country.
The honeſt patriot, and unbiaſs'd Briton.
The roſe of pleaſure, without the thorn.
Life, love, and liberty.
May Love and Reaſon be friends, and Beauty and Prudence marry.
May the miſer grow poor, and the benevolent rich.
May the king know rightly his prerogative, and the ſubject his privilege.
Here's to the man that dares be honeſt in the worſt of times.
The harveſt of life, love, wit and good-humour.
May we be rich in friends, rather than money.
May he who wants friendſhip, alſo want friends.

May thoſe who love truly be always believ'd,
And thoſe who'd deceive us, be always deceiv'd.

May our benelovence be bounded only by our fortune.
May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May Reaſon be the pilot, when Paſſion blows the gale;
And Prudence the cockſwain, when Love fills the ſail.
May the trade of this country increaſe, and be ſupported by Unity, Peace and Concord.

F I N I S.

/ Scruph g Carbonat So
/ Do of Ginger
/ Do Rhubarb
5ss Gravis Calamus

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